


Vivella AZA Cydella
 THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by **AUSTIN DARRIMAN**
APRIL 1920

2/-
 1920

Poetry

The Coming of Gabrielle—**Art R.**
 Captain von Poppe's Fifty Son
 Chapters from Childhood
 The Expulsion of Ezra Pound
 The Fall of Lady Teal
 A Great School
 The Paper Commission on Agriculture
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

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Player's ONE STAR NAVY CUT

Player's THREE STAR NAVY CUT

Player's FIVE STAR NAVY CUT

Player's SEVEN STAR NAVY CUT

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APRIL, 1920

Three Poems

By Chris Massie

Theology

I LOVE my God and He loves me—
Merrilie!
I feel His kisses in the breeze,
And so I carve His Name on trees.
Why not?
Ten thousand years misunderstood,
He needs my laughter in the wood . . .
A lot.

I love my God and He loves me—
Merrilie!
I pledge a bumper to His Name,
And drink my Sweetheart's in the same.
Why not?
If no one else can understand,
He needs to share a lover's hand . . .
A lot.

I love my God and He loves me—
Merrilie!
Whatever be my wanton whim,
I still shall keep my love of Him
For aye;
For He is starry sky and night,
And sun and earth and sea and light . . .
And day.

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I love my God and He loves me—
Merrilie!
I feel His kisses in the breeze,
When She is there, and no one sees.
Why not?
Ten thousand years misunderstood,
He needs our love to keep Him good . . .
A lot.

The Ebbing Tide

I MADE my couch the scanty grass
That kisses Hartland Quay;
And there I watched the rocks surpass
The Anger of the sea.

They hurled the blue battalions back
And held the conquering land;
Advanced their vanguard, grey and black,
And rioted the sand.

When I arose, the victory
Had been already won;
And the proud rocks defiantly
Were tilting at the sun!

To Sorrow

Thy beauty is the Garden of the Lord
Where my pale lilies gleam,
And where they dream—
Soft radiance in shadowy accord.
Ere I forget thy face, forgotten be
Starlight and moon,
Morning and eve and noon,
Heaven and shore and sea.

LIFE'S LOVER

The springtime with its holy rain—
How shall it cleanse my soul again
If I forget a brother's pain . . .
Forgetting thee?

Part back thy hair, and let me touch
Thy lips because I love thee much.

Keep close : be kind.

Kiss me, and let me find
Humility.

Hallow the years

With consecrating tears :
Cleave unto me.

The springtime with its holy rain—
How shall it cleanse my soul again
If I forget a brother's pain . . .
Forgetting thee?

Life's Lover

By Philip G. Chadwick

COULD Life be caught into the arms of Youth
As Love is,
That in wide eyes, tricked o' disguise,
He'd see her ruth,
Loth to reprove his bold young gaze;
Would Life but cling,
Surrendering, to his embrace,
In the swift kiss of triumphing
He'd prove his truth.

Aftermath

By Enid R. Clay

So! after age-long years we come
To this quiet café dimly-lit,
And memories, crowding back the years,
Surge forward, clamouring—What of it?

So long since first beneath your kiss
I felt my body's pulses beat;
Since first we drained the golden cup
Of life and found it bitter-sweet!

For you were high romance to me—
And all the glories that there were—
And here we sit—"The wine-list, please!"
"Beaujolais—half a bottle—Sir?"

And all the sins that held us thrall,
And all the love that made them sweet
Have now resolved themselves to this—
"What do we drink to-night, and eat?"

So! I am glad you may not know
All that I think. I do not stir;
The mockery of your half-closed eyes,
Your cynic mouth, can still deter!

Once you were high romance to me—
And all the glories that there were.

Human Sacrifice

By Benvenuta Solomon

Lo, ye who tread for Beauty's sake
Her starry ways and high,
For any loveliness ye make
A living thing must die.

Yield up your tribute of the slain.
Then know the doom fulfilled:
Music that heals the spirit's pain
From blood has been distilled.

Some soul accepts the victim's part
Ere soul is breathed in stone;
And every poet breaks a heart,
Another's—or his own.

To feed the vision's sacred fire
Some dream in ashes lies:
The gods for all their gifts require
A human sacrifice.

Nothing is Changed

By Julian Thomas

THE sun will make the old trees young,
Uncurl the fern.
To the hedge where last year's nest was hung,
The bird will return.

Some child will find the violet,
Sweet, lonely blue,
On a March morning, crinkled, wet,
Crisp in the dew.

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The fishing fleet in the Devon way
Will curve out to sea;
And the south-east wind will choose a day
To blow unpityingly.

Despite their million casualties,
Dense armies black
Stream home from where my soldier lies,
To earth given back.

Sorrow, like joy, is fugitive.
Man must drink deep
Of the cool draught Nature has to give;
Then soon to sleep.

Pause

By G. Laurence Groom

Low in the golden bracken on the mothering earth that
bore me,
Old as forgotten ages, young as the laden bees,
With the drowsy sense of your presence and the joys of
delight before me,
I sup the wine of your lips, and am drunken, even as these.

Love, shall I leave you empty as a vessel of alabaster,
Poured for the gods' libation; sprinkling the holy wine—
Or quaff you straight at a draught, defiant of death and
disaster,
Making my body a god, fulfilling your self in mine?

Now is the poised moment that a breath or a word may
shatter,
Nature a-swoon around us, filled with a vague un-ease;
Give me delight whilst you may! leaves that the bleak
winds scatter,
Vanish no-whither, and we . . . shall lie loveless, even as
these.

White Roses

By Herbert E. Britton

EXQUISITE fragrant wild white rose,
You are the sweetest flower that blows.

Your glowing heart is honeyed gold,
'Round which the curving petals fold,

When evening comes, and hushed and still
The valleys slumber 'neath each hill.

Yet with the white Dawn's mysteries
You open to the questing bees.

And you, dear lass! As willingly
Proffer your sweetness unto me.

Love me! Ah, love me! Lest too late
I fall beneath the scythe of Fate.

Too late to see the lovelight rise
In the deep wonder of your eyes!

Too late to sink in drowsy rest,
'Mid the warm snow-drifts of your breast.

The Coming of Gabrielle

By George Moore

ACT II.

Scene:—DAVENANT'S country house. A room opening out on a large garden. Light summer furniture. A river is seen in the distance. The sun is shining.

A month later; about two in the afternoon.

When the curtain rises, DAVENANT and LADY LETHAM are walking to and fro—in the garden. DAVENANT carries a pruning shears in his hand and is busy cutting roses.

LADY LETHAM. My hands are full, you really must not cut any more.

DAVENANT. Just one more. *(He cuts another.)*

LADY LETHAM. What a beautiful rose, purple, almost black. *(Coming down stage.)* As I was saying, my sister and I were looked upon by mother in the light of lets and hindrances, and were kept in the schoolroom as long as possible; and when she had to bring us downstairs we were given to understand that we must suit ourselves with husbands without delay; two years was the time allotted, convents were spoken of in case of failure, so we just had to take the men that proposed first, and Henrietta and I married tiresome men twenty years older than ourselves.

(DAVENANT points to the sofa and they sit down.)

DAVENANT. With the usual pleasant results, I suppose.

LADY LETHAM. Pleasant results! I don't understand.

DAVENANT. Don't you?

LADY LETHAM. Oh, I see. You're quite right, for within a year Henrietta and myself were engaged in arranging our own lives, my sister conducting hers discreetly with due regard to appearances, whereas I took every risk, seeming to court disaster, and would certainly have ended in getting myself talked about if—

DAVENANT. If the wise ant had not begged the foolish fly to bethink herself.

LADY LETHAM *(laughing)*. Yes, just so. Henrietta sent for me, I've forgotten for what reason, something she had heard. A certain journey to Ireland; it may have been that; and seeing that I was in for a lecture and in hopes of cutting it short, I said, as we have to go to hell one day, the sooner we get there the better.

DAVENANT. To hell!

LADY LETHAM. I don't mean a theological hell. Henrietta's intention in sending for me was to make plain a truth often overlooked: that it was not absolutely necessary to forget to order one's husband's dinner if one intended to misbehave oneself in the afternoon.

DAVENANT. But your sister's counsel did not influence the foolish fly.

LADY LETHAM. Yes, it did. I think I was more careful; at least, for a time I was.

DAVENANT. And during that time, long or short, your husband had no cause to complain of the housekeeping, and you ceased to leave your letters lying about.

LADY LETHAM. I never left my letters lying about.

DAVENANT. I was speaking metaphorically. You introduced some circumspection into your love affairs.

THE COMING OF GABRIELLE

LADY LETHAM. But I soon broke out again, and the long and the short of it is that, finding myself unable to play what Henrietta would call the game, I sent my lovers away. Henrietta was surprised, but I couldn't do else, being by nature intemperate.

DAVENANT. Intemperate!

LADY LETHAM. I do not mean that I was addicted to drink; if I had been I should have had to choose between total abstinence and continual intoxication. (*Pause.*) You've often asked me to tell you about myself; I have told you, and I think it is time for me to go. (*She rises, and they go up the stage together. In the middle of the stage LADY LETHAM stops suddenly.*) You're expecting Mr. Dayne back from Vienna?

DAVENANT. Yes, he is on his way back and will arrive to-morrow, perhaps this evening. He may come by the next train from Rockminster.

LADY LETHAM. So our long mornings together have come to an end. You will never dictate to me again.

DAVENANT. Am I not going to Westmorland in the autumn?

LADY LETHAM. I hope so indeed, but I shall not be able to act as your secretary, not in the mornings certainly; I never appear till luncheon; all the business of the house is transacted in my bedroom.

DAVENANT. Lord Letham's dinner is ordered there.

LADY LETHAM. Yes, and everybody else's dinner. I am afraid you cannot count upon my help. I should only disappoint you, and a man with ideas in his head waiting to have them taken down is apt to lose his temper.

DAVENANT. But after luncheon?

LADY LETHAM. After luncheon we shall go out driving, for you must see the mountain ranges that I told Mr. Dayne might inspire you, a suggestion that seemed to amuse him. Is it true that time and place count for little or nothing in the artist's life?

DAVENANT. You must not pay too much attention to what Mr. Dayne says.

LADY LETHAM. He told me that all your writing was done by dictation, so I said that I hoped he would come too. And now good-bye. (*She turns up stage.*)

DAVENANT. You will not forget that you're dining with me at Rockminster to-night?

LADY LETHAM. I shall not forget.

(*Exit by garden. DAVENANT goes out with her and comes back a moment after. He crosses the stage in silence.*)

DAVENANT (*coming down*). Has she her eye on Sebastian, I wonder; on that irresponsible youth who looks forward to telling me his adventures, which means that he is in love with Gabrielle?

(*Enter MARTIN with a letter, L.*)

MARTIN. Fletcher has just brought this letter, sir. It came yesterday to Rockminster, and, knowing that you weren't returning till this evening, he thought it better to bring it here.

DAVENANT. He did quite right. (*Takes the letter.*) Wait a moment. Sebastian's handwriting. (*He reads.*) This is too much! Really, this is too much. (*After a pause he bursts out laughing.*) What a splendid impertinence. He even wants to turn me out of my own house. (*Reading by fragments.*) "My dear cousin, my dear Lewis, you are so good, so kind. Lend me Claremont Villa for two days only, and as I am still Lewis Davenant will you oblige me by becoming Sebastian Dayne? We shall arrive—" We!! "We shall arrive to-morrow." To-morrow. When did you say, Martin, this letter came?

MARTIN (*comes down a little*). Last night, sir.

DAVENANT. Then it's to-day. He may be here . . . they may be here.

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at any moment. (To MARTIN.) Now, Martin, listen to me attentively. I can count upon you, I think.

MARTIN. It wasn't yesterday I entered your service, sir, and you know—

DAVENANT. Yes, I know. But to-day, Martin, it isn't on my account, alas! We must make way for the young folk. Now, this is what you are to do. Mr. Dayne may arrive at any moment, and with a lady. You know that he went to Vienna to look after my play, but I don't think I told you that he is travelling in my name. I can't go into the matter more explicitly, but when he comes you are to call him Mr. Davenant. (MARTIN begins to laugh.) It would take too long to explain. You are to stay here to look after them. And while they are here you are to speak to Mr. Dayne as Mr. Davenant. I think I can rely on you. Mr. Dayne will not stay more than two days.

MARTIN. And you, sir?

DAVENANT. I must get back to Rockminster. What time is the next train?

MARTIN. The train from Rockminster has just come in.

DAVENANT. And the train back will be going out in a few minutes; I shall just catch it.

MARTIN. But if you miss it, sir, and Mr. Davenant should arrive with the lady?

DAVENANT. Then, Martin, I am Mr. Sebastian Dayne. I have some books and papers to collect.

MARTIN. I will send them after you.

DAVENANT. You ought to know by this time that I never allow myself to be separated from my manuscripts.

(Exit.)

MARTIN (with a gesture). So he is to be Mr. Dayne for the next day or two. (The bell rings.) Well, I never. Here comes the new Mr. Davenant, I suppose.

(Exit hurriedly. A moment after enter SEBASTIAN and the COUNTESS VON HOENSTADT.)

MARTIN. Mr. Dayne will be down presently, sir.

(SEBASTIAN and GABRIELLE come down the stage. MARTIN goes out.)

GABRIELLE. Didst thou not hear her say, "Mr. Dayne"?

SEBASTIAN. Yes, she said Dayne. Lewis must have instructed her in accordance with my letter, saying that as I was still Mr. Davenant, I'd be obliged if he would become Mr. Dayne for a short while. As the joke began with him he thinks he had better see it through. How good he is, you see how good he is, and before it is too late—

GABRIELLE. I want to see this *vieux farceur* (how do you say *vieux farceur* in English—old joker?).

SEBASTIAN. You really must not speak of Mr. Davenant—

GABRIELLE. Who should be very proud to receive letters from a Vienna lady, and ought to have come himself, and not sent his secretary to make a little fool of me.

SEBASTIAN. I hope you're not sorry, Gabrielle. I'm certain that you wouldn't have cared for Lewis if he had gone to Vienna, would you? Do you think you would?

GABRIELLE. Do I think I would fall in love with a man who would not read my letters? No, never! Come hither and do not frown, but listen to me. Mr. Davenant must be punished.

SEBASTIAN. For what?

GABRIELLE. How many times have you asked me that question? And I have answered it always: for having dared to play a paltry prank of me, treating me as if I were a little servant-girl!

SEBASTIAN. My dear Gabrielle, Lewis Davenant never saw your letters.

THE COMING OF GABRIELLE

If he had, he would have gone to Germany, and—— (*He moves forward with the intention of taking her in his arms. She evades him.*)

GABRIELLE. You read him some pages from my letters. You told me so; and still he thought I was a little fool, and perhaps a cocotte. But, no. If he had thought that he would have gone to Vienna, for men like Mr. Davenant like cocottes much better than Viennese ladies; so it was quite well that he sent you instead of coming himself. Ach! my pictures should have told him I was neither one nor the other.

SEBASTIAN. All the arrangements were made before your pictures arrived.

GABRIELLE. Mein liebe Gott! that the man who wrote *Elizabeth Cooper* should have thought that I could mistake his secretary for the author of seventeen volumes! Mein liebe Gott sounds better than your God *tout court*.

SEBASTIAN. I don't know whether it does or not. But that door may open any minute and Lewis Davenant walk in; so once more I beg of you to remember that he did not foresee what has happened; he couldn't have.

GABRIELLE. You remind me of a child who would play a prank upon his parents, but gets frightened at the last moment. But I'm not a child; and if you do not want me to go straight back to Vienna, you will tell him the story exactly as we prepared it on the battlements of the castle at Heidelberg, exactly word for word.

(*Enter DAVENANT.*)

DAVENANT. So you've come! Your note arrived only a few minutes ago, and after reading it I ran upstairs to get some books and papers, and now I shall have only just time to catch the train; so if you'll excuse me——

SEBASTIAN. My dear Sebastian, you needn't hurry away, for, run as fast as ever you can, you'll not succeed in catching a train that left the station as we came up the road. Gabrielle, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Sebastian Dayne, also my secretary.

DAVENANT (*bowing*). Have you had a pleasant journey?

SEBASTIAN. Very. We left our luggage at Rockminster, and came on here with just enough for two days. (*To GABRIELLE.*) Dearest, I am sure you would like to go to your room. (*To MARTIN.*) What room have you ready for—for—madam?

MARTIN (*hesitatingly*). The room——

DAVENANT. The room overlooking the river.

SEBASTIAN. That will do splendidly, splendidly.

MARTIN. If madam will come with me——

GABRIELLE. I will leave you with your secretary for a little while. (*In a low tone.*) Dearest, I love you!

(*Exeunt MARTIN and GABRIELLE.*)

SEBASTIAN (*after following GABRIELLE a few steps, returns rapidly to DAVENANT*). Thank you, Lewis. (*He takes both his hands.*) I don't know how to thank you. I hope we haven't put you out too much?

DAVENANT (*in very good humour*). Not at all; stay as long as you please, Sebastian. I am delighted to see you. Your letter didn't reach me until ten minutes ago, and after giving Martin some necessary instructions I was just about to run away. But we have no time to lose. Tell me, and tell me quickly, is that Gabrielle?

SEBASTIAN. Didn't you know her? She is very like her miniature. (*Takes the miniature from his pocket.*)

DAVENANT. I hardly saw her—and in a hat! My dear Sebastian, you have managed this affair splendidly. Now, admit!—wasn't it a good idea of mine to send you to Vienna? You appear very much in love with each other. One could see that from the way she turned to look at you as she

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went out. It is all delightful, delightful! I congratulate you, Sebastian! Show me the miniature. Yes, it's very like her. And now tell me everything in a few words.

SEBASTIAN. It would take too long.

DAVENANT. But I must hear all about it.

SEBASTIAN. You want to know how we met?

DAVENANT. Of course I do.

SEBASTIAN. In the most original way . . . in the train.

DAVENANT (*more and more amused*). No!

SEBASTIAN. I got into the train at Ostend, and within an hour's journey of Vienna, at a station called—I can't remember the name—three ladies and a gentleman got into my carriage.

DAVENANT. One was—

SEBASTIAN. Gabrielle returning to Vienna to meet me.

DAVENANT. To meet Lewis Davenant, since it was me she expected—but to meet you, since it is you she loves. But I beg your pardon. Go on.

SEBASTIAN. Well, I was about to say that the gentleman who accompanied the ladies was very distinguished-looking, an old friend of the family, Baron von Allmen is his name. The two ladies, the Countess Bertha von Maurog and the Baronne von Studenberg.

DAVENANT. I see you already possess some knowledge of Viennese society. I suppose you met these people afterwards?

SEBASTIAN. Oh, yes, many times.

DAVENANT. Well, go on with your story.

SEBASTIAN. I helped them to arrange their luggage in the racks, and, seeing that I was English, Gabrielle—for it was she—spoke to me in English, and we hadn't been talking together for long before I began to ask myself where I had seen her face before—for I had seen it before, of that I was sure—but for a long time I couldn't think where. All of a sudden I remembered the miniature. But it seemed too improbable. The Baron was explaining something to the Countess von Maurog and the Baronne von Studenberg; Gabrielle did not take part in this conversation, nor show the slightest interest in it, and I began to wonder how this was; and whilst I was wondering I caught her stealing glances in my direction, when she thought I wasn't looking.

DAVENANT. Magnetic influence!

SEBASTIAN. You can imagine my feelings. Then I had another inspiration. I took the miniature out of the pocket of my coat and sat openly comparing it with her—rather rude, but in the circumstance it was the only thing to do.

DAVENANT. Delightful!

SEBASTIAN. I saw her blushing, and all of a sudden, with that exquisite spontaneity and charming accent which you will appreciate when she returns, she said, "You're Lewis Davenant."

DAVENANT. You were fairly caught.

SEBASTIAN. I assure you, Lewis, that during the journey I had thought it all out, and had decided to present myself to her in my own name.

DAVENANT. But you had no time? You were taken by surprise, and in a moment it was too late.

SEBASTIAN. Too late, yes; for a moment after she was talking to me of half a dozen things at the same time, and introducing me to her friends as Mr. Lewis Davenant who had come to Vienna for the performance of *Elizabeth Cooper*.

DAVENANT. Tell me something about my play.

SEBASTIAN. I wrote you a long letter about it, and on the evening of the performance, when I was called before the curtain—

DAVENANT. You weren't called before the curtain! I cannot believe it!

SEBASTIAN. Yes; and I made a speech.

DAVENANT. You told them that you had come to speak to them in the name of England?

THE COMING OF GABRIELLE

SEBASTIAN. I said nothing about England on that occasion, but the next day at the banquet.

DAVENANT. Ho, ho! There was a banquet, then?

SEBASTIAN. A magnificent one!

DAVENANT. Your health was drunk in champagne?

SEBASTIAN. Of course.

DAVENANT. You were crowned with laurels?

SEBASTIAN. A crown of gilt laurels.

DAVENANT. Come, Sebastian, you don't expect me to believe this grotesque, impossible tale?

SEBASTIAN. You sent me to Vienna as Lewis Davenant so that your fame might hide my defects from Gabrielle von Hoenstadt. I went, I saw, I conquered. I have brought her back to you so that you may see for yourself; you have seen her. But you don't believe your own eyes; why, then, should you believe my story?

DAVENANT (*taken aback*). Go on with your story, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN. I'll say no more. A team of dray-horses will not drag another word out of me.

DAVENANT. Come now, Sebastian, I didn't mean—

SEBASTIAN. An incredulous audience damps the story-teller. Moreover, why should I tell it? The lady is upstairs; she will come down presently; you can hear it from her. She may be able to convince you, but, if she can't, I hope you'll not be so impolite as to tell her that she is telling lies.

DAVENANT. When I said I didn't believe, I meant that you had succeeded beyond my expectations. I begin to perceive in you the true, ever-resurgent type—Don Juan in person.

SEBASTIAN. Again you offend me, Lewis! I am no Don Juan, but a devout lover, who will be faithful unto death, whatever happens.

DAVENANT (*looking at SEBASTIAN askance*). But the day will come when you will have to tell her.

SEBASTIAN. Lewis, you are very cruel. You sent me to Vienna.

DAVENANT. But you will have to tell her.

SEBASTIAN. Lewis, I can see you are gloating over your joke.

(*He turns to go. DAVENANT brings him back, and they go down the stage together.*)

DAVENANT. You did not dare to tell her in the carriage on the way to the Museum, as I can well understand, so charming did she seem under her long-fringed parasol. In the Gallery you were surrounded by tourists, and she chattered so pleasantly of the masterpieces that you had no heart to trouble her with a disagreeable piece of news. On another occasion when you were sitting together in a restaurant at dinner the moment seemed most propitious, the confession was on the tip of your tongue; but resolutions vanish at the sight of a mauve scarf wound about Gabrielle's arms and shoulders.

SEBASTIAN. But you have not seen her arms; as white as an angel's, arms and bosom, and as slight.

DAVENANT. Arms that have been about you for the last time certainly, so I shall be glad to hear that you have grown a little weary of them. What! Not yet? So serious as all that, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN. Yes, Lewis, every day I am more and more in love with her, and every moment brings the fatal moment nearer when I must tell her.

DAVENANT. But she loves you for yourself.

SEBASTIAN. I hope so. I believe she does.

DAVENANT. You believe; but you have misgivings.

SEBASTIAN. I dread the unpleasant quarter of an hour, Lewis.

DAVENANT. If you get off with a quarter of an hour you'll be lucky, and now I must ask you what excuse you are going to give her for not telling her sooner.

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SEBASTIAN. There is no use thinking out what one is going to say, the spell of the moment will put the right words into my mouth.

DAVENANT. But you do not intend waiting till she is seated in the train to bob your head into the carriage window and cry :—I am not Lewis Davenant, but Sebastian Dayne, his cousin. That is not the way to treat a lady, surely!

SEBASTIAN. Lewis, you are more than unkind, you are cruel. I know I must tell her sooner or later. But we're not going to part because I did not write *Elizabeth Cooper*. I cannot believe it; it would be out of all reason for her to send me away for so trivial a reason. Forgive me, Lewis. I intend no disparagement of your book. You have had many affairs with women, tell me what to do. Pull me out of the scrape you pushed me into.

DAVENANT. Women build a man up out of their imaginations, as you have heard me say on more than one occasion, and the shock when she hears the news will be great, no doubt, but even if she survives it, what then? You will have to part, unless, indeed . . . You don't intend to marry her?

SEBASTIAN. We are married.

DAVENANT (*who up to this point has been amused, immediately becomes serious*). You've married her, and in the name of Lewis Davenant? My dear Sebastian, this is a piece of folly.

SEBASTIAN. We won't discuss that point; one's follies are so essentially personal. As well ask me why my eyebrows—

DAVENANT. You mean that you went through some ceremony of marriage?

SEBASTIAN. No, the marriage was all right. There was a church, a priest, and a book where we signed our names, so I suppose it was all right, but I'm not very well up in the marriage laws.

DAVENANT. Well, my good friend, you will soon have an excellent opportunity of learning them.

SEBASTIAN. You will be able to advise me? Lewis, Lewis, I beg of you.

DAVENANT. I cannot advise you; the situation is really more than I can grasp.

SEBASTIAN. Well, perhaps you will be able to grasp it better if you will allow me to tell you how it all happened.

DAVENANT. The one thing that concerns me now is that you have married her in my name, and I am not a marrying man.

SEBASTIAN. Try for a moment to imagine what my situation was.

DAVENANT. I am trying to think what could have made you do such a ridiculous thing, but I cannot arrive at any conclusion.

SEBASTIAN. You didn't reproach me for allowing Gabrielle to introduce me to her friends as the author of *Elizabeth Cooper*, did you?

DAVENANT. In the train you were taken by surprise, but you weren't taken by surprise the morning you were married. You knew you were going to be married.

SEBASTIAN. I had no faintest idea I was going to be married.

DAVENANT. Were you married under the influence of a drug or in your sleep?

SEBASTIAN. No, but it was quite unexpected.

DAVENANT. You speak as if you had been caught in a shower of rain.

SEBASTIAN. That is exactly what happened. We went for an excursion to an island in the Danube, a long narrow island with a village running down the middle. We were passing a church and were admiring it. Suddenly Gabrielle said: How would you like to come into that church and be married to me?

DAVENANT. Wait a moment. What had you said to lead up to that suggestion?

SEBASTIAN. Vague things, but as she made the suggestion you would not have had me hang back, would you?

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DAVENANT. And then?

SEBASTIAN. Then she went into the church.

DAVENANT. With you?

SEBASTIAN. With me, of course, and we found an old priest asleep in the chair. I cried: Hiemrath, hiemrath, and he took us into the sacristy, where he asked us if we could show him our papers. Gabrielle showed him a visiting card; he seemed loth to marry us on such slight testimony of our identity, but Gabrielle talked him over.

DAVENANT. You never said a word?

SEBASTIAN. I do not know much German.

DAVENANT (*throws up his arms*). Is that how people usually marry in Vienna?

SEBASTIAN. Sometimes.

DAVENANT. However they manage these things in Austria, these marriages in England often end in the law courts.

SEBASTIAN. A man should always be willing to suffer for the woman he loves. I'm ready.

DAVENANT. To go to prison, to cut your throat. If I had gone to Vienna this wouldn't have happened.

SEBASTIAN. Because she wouldn't have loved you.

DAVENANT. I'm not so sure of that. But you must tell her who you are, and the sooner the better.

SEBASTIAN. You think, then, that the moment she comes downstairs I should introduce her to the real Davenant?

DAVENANT. No; not just now.

SEBASTIAN. Perhaps you would like me to leave you to explain to her.

DAVENANT. This is no occasion for levity. It may be that I did wrong to advise you to go to Vienna and to introduce yourself in my name, but I did not tell you to marry her in my name; and now I am leaving.

SEBASTIAN. Don't go, Lewis; stay. She may forgive me if you will undertake to explain to her my youth, my inexperience. No one can explain a situation as well as you can. You have had so much knowledge of life. In your books—

DAVENANT. Once more I must insist on some seriousness. You will have to explain this matter yourself; nobody can do it but you. S-sh! Here she is.

(*Enter GABRIELLE. Her hair is pinned up in front, but falls over her shoulders.*)

GABRIELLE. You will excuse me, Mr. Dayne, for I did not know you were here, and came to ask my husband to make my hair. I am *si maladroite*. I am not able to make my hair alone, and, darling, your parlourmaid is not used to attending on ladies.

SEBASTIAN. She has broken the comb I gave you.

GABRIELLE. The comb that you bought for me at Strasbourg; I am sorry.

(*SEBASTIAN arranges her hair.*)

Is it unlucky in England to break a comb when you enter a strange house? I hope not. (*Gets up and goes to mirror and then comes back to Sebastian.*) Make it a little higher, dear.

SEBASTIAN. Sebastian, have you ever seen more beautiful hair? Scented, soft as silk; such thick, brown, glossy hair, curling like the tendrils of the Anise.

GABRIELLE. What is that plant, dear? (*He hesitates.*) You've forgotten; it makes no difference. (*Goes to the mirror again.*) If Martin had been able to make my hair as well as you I should have begun to suspect that mine were not the first little she-feet (*looking at the carpet*) to tread these roses underfoot. Do you say she-feet in English?

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DAVENANT. We do not specify the sex, merely feet. (*He moves towards the door.*)

GABRIELLE. No, you must not go, Mr. Dayne. There are a great many things I should like to ask you about. Are you not my cousin now?

DAVENANT. So I am, and your secretary should you ever require one.

GABRIELLE. I will dictate to you in German. I am sure you know German, Mr. Dayne, and it will improve your German to gossip with me. Is gossip right? Do you say gossip in English?

DAVENANT. We say gossip.

GABRIELLE. Just as I have said. I should like to gossip with you. Will you take a chair, Mr. Dayne, and gossip in English with me? Now do stay and tell me—

DAVENANT. What would you have me tell you?

GABRIELLE. Of the advice that I am sure you gave to Lewis when my miniature came, for you have had many affairs—I can read it in your eyes, Mr. Dayne—many affairs with ladies, real ladies, ladies in society, not cocottes. Now what did you tell him that I was, a little fool or a cocotte, which? Be truthful, Mr. Dayne, for I can read your face, for it's an open one.

DAVENANT. When your miniature arrived I said that he was very fortunate indeed to have written books that could bring him presents from such a beautiful woman.

GABRIELLE. Did you say that truly, Mr. Dayne? I'm not at all sure, but no matter. What I would like to know is if you think the miniature does me justice? Lewis says that it does not, and I believe he is right. I always look dreadful and *affectée*, or swollen and greedy, on photographs. I do not look so toothachish in reality, do I, Mr. Dayne? But I am not going to ask you for compliments; I know you could not do else than tell me that I am very pretty, but that is not what I want to hear. I should like you to tell me if the lady in the ivory is a woman who would deceive her lover, and what terrible revenge she would wreak on him if he were to deceive her. You don't know—how could you be expected to know? You see, Mr. Dayne, I am a little stupid sometimes, but I like to be like that. Pay no attention to me, but just go on thinking of what is in your head. Your head is full of Lewis's books, is it not? It must be, since you are his secretary. We were talking about my miniature, and I was about to tell you that it was painted when I was living with my husband. He carried me off from the convent to a castle in the forest, where I never saw anyone but an old nurse and *les chasseurs*, men that came to hunt the wild boar and the deer. It was very tedious, but very romantic, like your Shakespeare. I used to sit at my casement thinking that it was a play of his and myself Desdemona; but she loved her black man, and I did not love my hunter, who never knew a day's illness until he died. That was what his great friend that shot him used to say: Kuno never knew a day's illness till he died. It was an accident, and I will tell you how it happened one of these days, when I am rested, for it is a very long story.

SEBASTIAN. Darling, let me persuade you to go to your room and lie down for a little while.

GABRIELLE. I am not tired. But I cannot tell the accident that my husband met with while hunting in the forest. It sounds too much like William Rufus, and I want to talk about Elizabeth Cooper. After my husband's death in the forest I went to live in Vienna, and seeing the same people day after day began to tire me almost as much as the deer and the boars in the forest. It was impossible for me to see them any more, and so I said to myself: "I will make some new acquaintances," and went to the library and began to pick out English heroes from Tauchnitz edition. I found Douglas, Richard Feverel, later on Chandos, and a thousand more, and one day the librarian handed me Elizabeth

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Cooper. The name struck my imagination; it is such a wonderful name, so romantic, so—I can't say all I want to say in English. Ach! it is so tiresome. *Elizabeth Cooper* is so—

DAVENANT. Evocative.

GABRIELLE. So evocative, of course. (To SEBASTIAN.) Why did you not give me the word, Lewis? You should always give me the words I want in English. Thank you, Mr. Dayne. If Lewis had written a book for Austrian countesses especially he could not have succeeded better. For weeks I wanted to write to him, but somehow I didn't dare, and when his first letter arrived my hands turned as cold as ice and my cheeks burning hot. Is it not a funny thing to have cold hands and a hot face at the same time? A moment after I made gambols and pinched my dog because I was so happy. Tell me, Mr. Dayne, was Lewis really a little pleased when I first wrote to him? Did he tell you his first idea about me? I shall never forget what great impression his first letter made on me. I got it the 7th of November, on a Saturday. Nearly every year something happens to me on the 7th of November. It is a dangerous day for me.

DAVENANT. The Countess speaks exactly as she writes.

GABRIELLE. So Lewis has shown you my letters.

DAVENANT. He read me a few sentences, only a few. But you see my secretarial work enables me to catch the character of a writer in the first words, almost.

SEBASTIAN. My dear Gabrielle, I insisted that Sebastian should hear a few sentences, so overjoyed was I.

GABRIELLE. Don't trouble to excuse yourself, Lewis; I do not mind in the least your having shown my letters to Mr. Dayne. In fact, I knew you had done so.

SEBASTIAN. How did you know that?

GABRIELLE. Well, my darling, didn't you tell me one day?

DAVENANT. If I may dare to put a question?

GABRIELLE. Do put questions to me, and I will answer them truthfully.

DAVENANT. Were your imaginations fulfilled?

GABRIELLE. I did not imagine so young a man.

DAVENANT. And if he had been an older man?

GABRIELLE. I think I should have forgiven him for the sake of *Elizabeth Cooper*. I do not like very young men, so you need not be afraid to tell me you are fifty; for I once had an admirer who was sixty-nine. Young men are all *poseurs* or hypocrites. Oh! I have no patience with them! I wish I could throw something to their heads!

DAVENANT. Have you not read any other books by Mr. Davenant? Only *Elizabeth Cooper*?

GABRIELLE. I did not buy any more of Lewis's books. I was afraid that they might disappoint me, and I do not like to be disappointed, Mr. Dayne; it gives me nerves. When you know me better you will understand how bitterly I resent any disappointment. But I know *Elizabeth Cooper* so well, every scene in it, and I should have visited all the places he has described, only there were reasons that kept me in Vienna. The man who shot my husband was said to be in love with me—which was not true; and my family— But there is no necessity for going into that story now; another time, Mr. Dayne. I want now to talk to you about *Elizabeth Cooper*. It was she who gave me my liberty from Vienna, and so I said to Lewis, "We must visit all the towns where she and her lover stayed at on our wedding journey." Elizabeth travelled a good deal in Germany, but while I was upstairs changing my frock, making myself look a little tidy, Lewis was telling you of our wedding journey, I suppose? I hope he didn't forget the old priest and the island on the Danube? For a moment I was afraid he would not unite us, but I managed very well, and persuaded him—didn't I, darling? And then the Danube! Lewis had never seen the Danube before. It seems to me so strange, for to go to Germany and not to see the Danube is hardly like going to Germany. He

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had not seen the Rhine; so I asked him, "How is it you never make mistakes in German in your books?" and he said that you put his German right always; and that is how I learnt, dear Mr. Dayne, that you know German. I took him to the old town that Elizabeth liked so much, and where everything is the same as in the Middle Ages. And thou wilt always remember, Lewis, the terrace on which we sat overlooking the Rhine? Only one thing was wanted for perfection—Lewis does not know German. It was very sad, for I wanted to read poems to him—Goethe's poems and Heine's, and some poems of Schiller's, too; but if you had been there you would have helped me to translate them. You speak German, I know you do, and write it well, for there are no mistakes in Lewis's books. So why was it you did not come with him to Vienna? We could have travelled together, us three, so agreeably; for when I was tired of talking to one, I could have talked to the other, making all the people jealous and angry, as they would be at the sight of three happy people living in the world together. It is a pity, Lewis, you did not bring your cousin secretary, for with him to help us we might have come back with a book full of travel. But tell me, Mr. Dayne, am I to believe all Lewis tells me that he can only write when you are with him? Is that true?

DAVENANT. Lewis writes his own poetry, but when I am with him he can only write prose.

GABRIELLE. How extraordinary! But if you were to die, Mr. Dayne, what would happen to Lewis?

DAVENANT. As well ask me what would happen to me if Lewis were to die.

GABRIELLE. It is truly very strange, and just like life; so I will not ask any more questions, for it is useless to ask questions about life. Don't you think so, Mr. Dayne? But you would like me to tell you where we went after seeing the Rhine; we went on to Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg we journeyed to Strasbourg; we travelled all night. But you who have travelled so much, Mr. Dayne, do not need that I should tell you the names of all these places we have been to. I would sooner you should tell me what you were doing in this pretty cottage by a river all the time we were away. For one cannot look at a river all day. Have any ladies been to see you?

DAVENANT. Ladies come to see the author, not the secretary. And my time was passed, not in looking on the river, but in hard work, copying out a new book by Lewis Davenant, which I am prone to believe will exceed in interest everything that he has written before, even *Elizabeth Cooper*.

GABRIELLE. You must tell me about this book at once; I am impatient, and I think I said I bitterly resent being disappointed. How, Lewis darling, was it that you never spoke to me of this new book?

SEBASTIAN. We were seeing places and things, and talking about each other; there was no time for literature. A written story is so faint compared with the real story.

GABRIELLE. How modest he is, Mr. Dayne, and shy of talking about his work; but he has to talk to you about his work, since you are his secretary. Tell me, was it here in this room that he wrote *Elizabeth Cooper*? Darling, how was it that thou didst not tell me it was here—that I was in the very room in which you wrote your book? You should have stopped me on the threshold, saying, "There is the table at which I wrote, the chair on which I sat, the inkstand into which I dipped my pen." All these things are related about Goethe. But the manuscript, where is it?—in these drawers? I want to see it. (*She goes to the table and pulls out drawers and takes out a heap of papers.*)

SEBASTIAN (*crossing a little hurriedly*). My dear, you must not upset those papers.

GABRIELLE. But I am looking for the manuscript of your new book.

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What is the title of it, Mr. Dayne? You must tell me the title of it, Mr. Dayne—only the title.

DAVENANT. *Van Birds.*

GABRIELLE. But what does that mean? Birds kept in a van?

DAVENANT. No, the first of the flock, from Vanguard. But you'll not find the manuscript there; it's in Rockminster.

GABRIELLE. Well, let me see the manuscript of *Elizabeth Cooper*.

SEBASTIAN. Why should you want to see the manuscript? You have read the book.

GABRIELLE. But I do want to see the manuscript. And is it not natural that I should like to see the manuscript of the book that made me love him? Will you try to find the manuscript of *Elizabeth Cooper*, Mr. Dayne?

SEBASTIAN. We have no manuscripts here, I assure you, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE. Then I will look at your books. (*She gets up on a ladder.*) Here is the three-volume edition, and the six-shilling edition, and the two-shilling picture board edition. Why, there is an *édition de luxe*. I had no idea you had written so many books, darling! How old were you when you began to write?

SEBASTIAN. I think I was about sixteen.

GABRIELLE. And you are now twenty-seven.

SEBASTIAN. I shall soon be eight-and-twenty.

GABRIELLE. And in ten years you have written seventeen books. How very extraordinary! Now which of these is your first book?

SEBASTIAN. My first book was a volume of poems.

GABRIELLE. I am disappointed! I cannot tell you, Lewis, how disappointed I am! Mr. Dayne, you will understand.

DAVENANT. Truly, life is full of disappointments. If you will tell me, Countess, in what particular way you are disappointed, I may be able to help you.

GABRIELLE. You are not as clever a man as I thought you were, Mr. Dayne, else you would have understood at once that I came to England to inspire a great literature.

DAVENANT. But you found the literature you hoped to inspire already written?

GABRIELLE. Alas!

DAVENANT. He is seven-and-twenty, and will not stop at seventeen volumes.

GABRIELLE (*still sitting on the top step of the ladder*). Do you think I shall be able to inspire him, Mr. Dayne? If you do, perhaps I had better tell you, who are his secretary, the kind of book I should like him to write. Something that no author has yet quite done to my satisfaction. The story about a married couple, but a long, beautiful, might-be-true story. Is might-be-true a real word, Mr. Dayne? Well, you and Lewis must try not to be envious when I invent a new word. You see, I don't want the wife to be a saint, nor the husband an angel. I just want them to be man and wife, to quarrel as well as to kiss, to have temptations both. But the end must be a happy one, Lewis. I don't want the Kreutzer Sonata over again. And on some children I must insist.

DAVENANT. How many?

GABRIELLE. I don't know how many; perhaps none at all when the story comes to be written. You see, I am always changing my moods and opinions, Mr. Dayne. It is amusing, and fatiguing too; it is like changing one's dress a dozen times a day. (*DAVENANT moves up the stage.*) But must you really leave us? Lewis, shall we go to the station with Mr. Dayne?

SEBASTIAN. If you want to, dear.

GABRIELLE (*coming down the steps*). Well, let us get our hats. You men keep your hats in the hall. Lewis, will you go upstairs and fetch my hat?

(*Exit SEBASTIAN.*)

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GABRIELLE (*to DAVENANT*). When you asked me if I was surprised at Lewis's youth, I answered—I've forgotten what I answered, it doesn't matter in the least, for I only speak what I mean at the moment, which in most cases turns out to be the opposite of what I really mean. I had expected to see a man of fifty-five at least.

DAVENANT. And you never doubted that you were speaking to the author of those seventeen volumes?

GABRIELLE. I may have doubted at first sight, but not after the first five minutes of conversation, for Lewis talks just as he writes. Don't you think so, Mr. Dayne?

DAVENANT. Very like his books—the living counterpart.

GABRIELLE. If you speak like that, Mr. Dayne, I shall think you're jealous of your cousin.

DAVENANT. I am jealous of my cousin, but not of his writings.

GABRIELLE. Of what, then, are you jealous—that I didn't invite you to Vienna? Now tell me your age; I had forgotten to ask it before, Mr. Dayne. I was born the 6th of September, 18 . . . so, you see, my age is quite respectable. I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Dayne, one that I have told to no one before. When I was born they saw at once I wasn't a boy, and they were disappointed, as a son was wanted; and I was called Gabrielle, for they think in Austria that when a girl is called Gabrielle the next child will be a boy.

DAVENANT. May I call you Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE. If you really like it so much, I shall not be offended. But I am not like any of his heroines, *quelle mal chance*. My eyes are too small and myope, and my hair is brown. Do you like brown hair or fair? And does fair mean beautiful or blond? I should have asked these questions before, and also why you kept the miniature in which at full length I am. Tell me, my good Mr. Dayne, why?

SEBASTIAN (*entering*). Here is your hat and cloak, Gabrielle, and if you start at once you will catch the train to Rockminster, and Mr. Dayne will show you the manuscripts and some pictures well worth seeing, too.

GABRIELLE. But why should I wish to go to Rockminster, leaving you here? I don't want to leave you, Lewis. (*Coming down the stage.*) Now at once I must hear what the meaning of all this may be? You're not jealous because I like speaking to your secretary?

(*Exit DAVENANT.*)

SEBASTIAN. Not jealous, but wearied of this mystification which takes in nobody. You do not think that Davenant does not guess that you know he is Davenant?

GABRIELLE. My dear Sebastian, he does not suspect it—no, never.

SEBASTIAN. You said nothing that would lead him to suppose you knew, did you? I wish you had, for the longer the joke is kept up the more angry he will be.

GABRIELLE. I think Mr. Davenant already sees that I am not the little fool he took me for. But he must be punished, for everybody should be punished for being stupid.

SEBASTIAN. Ever since we set foot in England you have been talking of punishing Mr. Davenant. But how is he to be punished?

GABRIELLE. By being made to feel in love with me.

SEBASTIAN. And if, in making him fall in love with you, you were to fall in love with him?

GABRIELLE. I could never love anybody but you, Sebastian. But where is that dear Mr. Davenant? Something must have frightened him away, for he has gone without daring to bid me good-bye. Yet I didn't say anything dreadful to him. Is he easily shocked? One of my friends tells me that he never knew a lady who talked such dreadful things as I do with

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my eyes, looking so innocently all the while. You must run after Mr Davenant and bring him back, for my walk with him must not be spoilt.

SEBASTIAN. I do not know where to run.

GABRIELLE. Martin will tell us. (*Rings.*)

(*Enter MARTIN.*)

GABRIELLE. Can you tell me quickly if Mr. Dayne has gone to the station to get the train? Or has he gone to the garden to gather me some flowers? (*To SEBASTIAN.*) How nice of him, for men so seldom like flowers!

MARTIN. Lady Letham called, your ladyship, and Mr. Dayne has gone back to Rockminster with her in her carriage.

GABRIELLE. We must pursue them in another carriage.

SEBASTIAN. My dear Gabrielle! Thank you, Martin, that will do.

(*Exit MARTIN.*)

GABRIELLE. Is Lady Letham Mr. Davenant's mistress? But that cannot be, for you told me, darling, that Mr. Davenant was no longer as fond as he used to be of *la femme de trente ans*. Such a *mal chance*! Just as I was beginning to be one in the full sense of the word! Or did Mr. Davenant take Lady Letham away because she loves you? And Mr. Davenant was afraid I should make a scene. I don't make scenes, not as you in England; I merely cry, and then my nose gets swollen and I have hardly any eyes. You will not make me cry, darling, by being unfaithful to me? But of what are you thinking? Of some women that you've loved a little? Tell me the truth, dear, and I will forgive you if it was long ago, and if she was not very pretty, nor very young; middle-aged I should prefer it, but not dead, for the dead have a power that the living ones have not. You didn't desire her, and leave her with a baby which you will ask me to adopt? That I shouldn't like doing—no, never; so please don't ask it. But why, darling, are you making such naughty nostrils? You remind me of my husband that was, and, though we are married, you said you would always be my lover.

SEBASTIAN. I am thinking, Gabrielle, that, despite the nonsense you talk—perhaps on account of it—there is nobody in the world for me but you, and I am asking myself if you will follow me back to happiness. We have been happy—say that we've been happy, Gabrielle, for a little while!

GABRIELLE. Yes, Sébastien; but what do you want me to do?

SEBASTIAN. Let us go back to Austria, and to the time when I used to sit at your feet telling you the story of my life.

GABRIELLE. But you have told me the story of your life.

SEBASTIAN. No, no, not all of it.

GABRIELLE. What secret hast thou kept from me, villain? (*Looking round.*) Ach! why did Mr. Davenant go away like this?

SEBASTIAN. You were interested in him the moment you came into the room. The most capricious woman in the world. Men are your amusement, your pleasure; the old succeed the young, and the ugly the beautiful. You said you had cold finger-tips and hot cheeks the moment you met me in the railway train, and when you came into the room and saw Mr. Davenant—

GABRIELLE. I like Mr. Davenant because his eyes are kind and his teeth are so nice, but I had not cold finger-tips and hot cheeks.

SEBASTIAN. Go to Rockminster and be amused for the afternoon.

(*Enter MARTIN.*)

MARTIN. Mr. Godby, sir.

(*Enter GODBY.*)

SEBASTIAN. Godby!

GODBY. Excuse me, ma'am, but, you see, I've been up after these letters afore now.

GABRIELLE. I'm afraid I don't understand.

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GODBY. No more did Mr. Davenant. You see, it ain't possible for me to go back to Priscilla a second time without them letters, and they promised to let me 'ave them the last time I came up from Southampton.

GABRIELLE. What letters?

GODBY. Why, Priscilla's letters before she and I was spliced. You see, ma'am, it wasn't the fault of the young gentleman; it was Priscilla what commenced the correspondence over having read Mr. D.'s books. I 'ave forgotten the name. Give me a moment.

GABRIELLE. *Elizabeth Cooper.*

GODBY. That was the book that fair turned 'er 'ead, and 'e sent 'er heaps of letters and pomes. And now that she 'as become Mrs. G., she has been worrying of me to get them letters back. She's afeard he might publish them; she says you never know what these literary gents will do with letters, and this is the second time I 'ave come up from Southampton after them.

GABRIELLE. Was there a poem beginning "After many days, and after many tears"?

GODBY. Well, ma'am, I can't say there was, though she 'as read them to me often enough. You see, I 'ave no head for poetry. "After many days, and after many tears," yer say? There were plenty of tears in the pomes, and sighs and 'earts and kisses.

GABRIELLE. Thank you, Mr. Godby, that's all I want to know. Now I'll leave you to settle your business with this gentleman. (*She goes towards the door.*)

SEBASTIAN. Gabrielle, I can explain.

GABRIELLE. I prefer to listen to Mr. Davenant's explanation.

(*Exit L.*)

SEBASTIAN (*looking at his watch*). There is a train in a few minutes. She'll just catch it. I must run!

GODBY. Oh, no, you don't, not till I gets Priscilla's letters.

SEBASTIAN. But they are in Rockminster, my good man! Let me go.

GODBY. Not if I knows it. We'll go back to Rockminster together.

SEBASTIAN. If you run we can catch the train.

GODBY. Run! I likes to hear you talk about running, and to a man that has walked all the way from Rockminster. This be the 'ottest dav we've 'ad this summer. Run, indeed!

SEBASTIAN. Let me go! Let me go!

GODBY. Pull that bell and ask your parlourmaid to bring me up a glass of ale.

SEBASTIAN. There isn't time for drinking ale.

GODBY. Out of this I don't stir till I gets it!

(*The train whistle is heard.*)

SEBASTIAN. There! we've missed the train! (*He rings the bell.*)

(*Enter MARTIN.*)

SEBASTIAN. Martin, will you bring a tankard of ale and two glasses?

(*MARTIN goes out, looking very astonished.*)

[CURTAIN.]

(*To be continued.*)

Captain von Papen's Ditty Box*

By "Ignotus"

WHEN the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under the command of General Allenby made its rapier-like thrust at the German-Turkish lines in the early morning of September 19, 1918, and, piercing them, its inconceivably rapid advance northwards, it would be a truism to say that the enemy was surprised; he stood aghast and was overwhelmed, both physically and mentally.

Without touching on the strategical aspects of the situation, the line broke, and, as Pepys relates of the Court of Charles II,—"within three days all was in the dust."

Formed bodies of troops, it is true, showed considerable but diminishing fight as our men pushed north, but of systematically organised withdrawal, as soldiers understand it, there was none.

The natural sequel of such a headlong flight, apart from the capture of prisoners, was the abandonment of immense masses of material, as has been repeatedly witnessed in this war, comprising such animals as had not been hurried off, guns, motors, ammunition, medical supplies, rations, and all the heterogeneous collection of articles by which a modern army moves and is revived.

An item frequently overlooked by outsiders, because, for one thing, it is not sufficiently sensational for newspaper prominence, and for another because its mention is unostentatiously discouraged by those in authority, is "paper," in short, enemy documents, and it is of these that it is here proposed to treat.

When the mounted troops reached Nazareth, the late Headquarters of the Supreme Command on the Palestine front, they found themselves, as might have been expected, to a certain degree anticipated, for a working party of

* A ditty box is the Service name in the Navy for the small boxes in which the lower deck keep their private papers, photographs, etc.

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Germans had been busily engaged in the short time at their disposal in destroying all papers that could be destroyed.

The floors of the house that had served as the German Headquarters resembled nothing so much as preparations for some gigantic paper-chase, whilst efforts, happily only partially successful, had been made to burn the accumulation of orders, reports, plans, maps, etc., with which the German, with his customary mole-like industry, had managed to surround himself.

Though much had been destroyed, far more remained, and amongst the *débris* a square wooden box, in reality a converted ammunition chest, fitted with hasps and a lock, bearing the words "v. Papen" neatly burnt in, in poker work.

This when examined was full, nearly to the brim, with private and official papers, the owner being no other than the notorious Captain Franz von Papen, of the Prussian Guard, who, serving as Military Attaché to the Imperial German Embassy at Washington at the outbreak of war, managed, in the course of the ensuing sixteen months, to make himself so obnoxious personally to the American Government by his dastardly subterranean activities, that his recall, together with that of his colleague, Kapitän zur See Boy-Ed, the Naval Attaché, was demanded by Washington and acquiesced in by Berlin.

From Berlin, after a short stay, he was posted early in 1916 to the German front, on the Staff of the 4th Guards Infantry Division, whence (the Division being at that time in the Souchez sector) he was relieved by a certain Captain von Kalckreuth and removed to the General List for special service in the East (*i.e.*, Palestine), reporting on his way through Berlin to General von Falkenhayn, who followed him later to assume general command of operations on that front, under the somewhat nominal control of Enver Pasha, himself an excellent example of what German Kultur, grafted on the native stock, can accomplish, and thus von Papen comes into the story.

Von Papen certainly had his good points; he was, for instance, a voluminous correspondent, though not many of his drafts were found in his box, but replies from his friends and relations extending over the past three and a half years were in profusion, and it is to his habit of preserving with

CAPTAIN VON PAPEN'S DITTY BOX

meticulous care whatever was sent him (particularly anything marked "bitte vernichten" = please destroy) that we are indebted for most of the following facts.

It must be added that he was an excellent staff officer, as evidenced by his reports, and a model husband and father, as shown by various family letters, though one must never lose sight of the fact that he was an out-and-out Prussian Junker, thus approximating to the pirate of happy memory, immortalised as the "mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat." His correspondents were numerous, comprising as they did officers of high rank, statesmen and diplomats, family connections, etc., but the most verbose was certainly his former colleague at Washington, Boy-Ed. When these two worthies were recalled, Papen in December, 1915, Boy-Ed somewhat later, the former, realising what an exhibition he had made of himself, faded quietly away, whereas Boy-Ed, true to type, issued a farewell address on American manners which caused a great sensation. It appeared in all the American papers of standing the following day with appropriate leading articles, and, in addition to causing endless comment, added appreciably to the difficulties of such Germans and German well-wishers as still remained in the United States.

This comment gradually crystallised into an anonymous letter, written on June 1, 1916, and attributed to one Max Koch (a friend of Hossenfelder, German Vice-Consul in New York), and sent to one Newmen, a grain importer in Hamburg, an extract of which is given here. It is extremely interesting and shows clearly the attitude of the more moderate German element in America to these exponents of Junkerism:—

Besides the three chief advisers of the Ambassador, Captain Boy-Ed of the Imperial German Navy, the naval attaché, and Captain v. Papen, the military attaché, also influenced the Ambassador's attitude. Boy-Ed may be a capable naval officer, and is at all events an unobjectionable character, but he always lets his head hang down, being a born pessimist. He was always seeing spectres, and directly an unfavourable report arrived would run around with a countenance full of care, and have a sleepless night.

He considered the odds against us too great, and suffered much under the dreadful attitude of this country. It happened that he got engaged to a lady of a Conservative American family; Conservative means pro-Ally, and so the pessimistic horn got blown from this direction as well.

He also did silly things that are incomprehensible.

He let himself in through a worthless fellow named Stahl by presenting evidence, in which the man swore the *Lusitania* was armed, to the German Government.

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This evidence was used in the German-American exchange of Notes, and as England energetically contested the arming, they went for Stahl here, and it turned out that it all depended upon the pure imagination of the seemingly hysterical Stahl.

Then Boy-Ed made a fresh mistake by addressing a communication to the American people before his departure, in which he affirmed that he was being sent home guiltless; that in itself was improper, and must have offended Washington.

Added to that, he entered on a boundless lack of circumspection, attacking in this connection the American Press in general and the Providence Journal in particular, stating as his opinion that the existing Press conditions needed to be improved and that a law was necessary to prevent the Press calumniating people.

I have never been able to understand how a German officer could so lower himself as to honour this dirty company with a word.

As might have been foreseen, the papers on the following day fell all over him; and sent him aboard a series of vulgarities by wireless. Others called him a liar, and these are the parting words, and not Boy-Ed's address, which have remained in the public mind.

Von Papen's career closed with quite a disaster.

He was charged with being implicated in the many munition factory explosions, in that he had found the money for procuring materials and instructed the persons concerned.

It appears, too, that some really childish arrangements were made which everyone capable of forming an opinion could have foreseen beforehand would not have been of the slightest benefit to us, whereas, if they went askew, great injury must result.

I refer to the destruction of the Welland Canal, and the attempt to destroy a railway bridge in Canada; even if both of these had succeeded, there were plenty of other ways for transporting corn to the seaports, and the bridge too could only have upset traffic for a few hours.

Both attempts ended in absolute failure, and those involved will meet with heavy punishment.

All that, however, could be forgiven him, for success in such matters cannot be assured, if v. Papen's prime stupidity had not followed on leaving this country.

I refer to the carriage of compromising documents, for, as stipulated in the pass taking him through the British lines, only his person would be inviolate, and no letters or anything else.

He had instructions from Count Bernstorff, moreover, not to take anything with him, and urgent advice to this effect from all his friends. Yet, as the British afterwards told him, this man of misfortune had whole archives in his possession, and above all else, his cheque-books in which he had quite naively noted, in plain language, all those who had received money from him, as well as a whole series of compromising private letters.

The excitement in America was intense, and the general conviction here was that both men would be brought before a Court-martial for their conduct, yet all we heard here was the bestowal of orders.*

You can judge how extraordinarily apropos it is to publish these distinctions throughout the world.

The officials here complain bitterly about the haughty demeanour of our people, who think by means of a stiff bearing to compensate for a lack of local knowledge; Count Bernstorff and Privy Councillor Albert are looked upon in Washington in the light of emetics.

After the publication of the Papen letter, in which Captain v. Papen spoke of the "idiotic Yankees," general feeling here was so uncomfortable

* Von Papen subsequently received the Knight's Cross of the Hohenzollern Order with Swords.

CAPTAIN VON PAPEN'S DITTY BOX

that v. Papen thought it well to disappear for a few weeks, and went with Prince Hatzfeldt to the Mammoth Springs in Yellowstone Park. That, however, was a mistake, for they had registered themselves with their full titles, their arrival was announced in the local papers, and on their further journey a crowd of reporters and photographers followed them.

They were pestered at every step they took with requests to give an explanation about the "idiotic Yankees," and their reply, "We have nothing to say," was published, with photographs, in all the papers, as follows: Both had held newspapers in front of their faces in order not to be snapshotted, and a whole series of laughable photographs resulted; on the papers held up in front of them appeared the words "We have nothing to say," and these photographs circulated throughout the States! It was necessary to give you a picture of these personages in order to put you in a position to judge for yourself whether they were possessed of sufficient ability rightly to discern the feeling in the country. We viewed the departure of Boy-Ed and Papen here with a wet eye and a dry one; the dry one expressed the joy we felt that they could do no more mischief over here, and the wet one, the grief we felt that now the two pessimists could perhaps do worse damage in Germany.

This letter on its arrival in Germany was given wide circulation by means of copies, one of which reached the Kaiser through the intermediary of Prince Henry of Prussia, which brings one to the first of Boy-Ed's letters to von Papen, here reproduced:—

BERLIN.

1st December, 1916.

Many thanks for yours of the 28th Nov. Although I have had the particular part of the New York letter copied I would prefer not to send you the letter itself at present.

You will understand and excuse this, as I got it from my Chief through Excellency v. Muller for myself, and I should have to apply specially before making further use of it.

This procrastination towards you is, I think, essentially meaningless, as I have in the meantime begun a slander action through my superiors, and thereby, as naturally follows, indirectly for you as well as for the Ambassador, Albert, etc.

For the hint regarding Frigate Captain Roehr, I am especially grateful. Naturally on the homeward voyage I did not enter into conversation with English officers, of whom there were two on board, but cut them with the sharpness of a knife.

On the other hand, I put myself on a good footing with the Investigation Committee at Falmouth which was extremely profitable, was tactically the only right thing to do, and for which I am at any time fully in a position to account.

Apparently you did that too, for the Engineer officer belonging to the Committee said to me on my departure that he never would have thought you and I were such awfully nice fellows; people manifestly took us for thievish and murderous characters.

This bearing towards enemies with whom one comes into contact officially has its parallel in many instances, for example in an encounter with officers taken prisoner.

I assume that Frigate Captain Roehr made the remark to you without reserve, and I will obtain for myself an explanation in this case.

This letter is interesting as illustrating the essentially tortuous character of the Prussian mind, and for the cold-

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blooded deliberation with which he proposed to deal with anyone within his reach who had the temerity to criticise his actions, for there is but little doubt that he was hinting at a duel with Captain Roehr, a favourite resource to extricate himself from a difficulty, which appears rather less cryptically in a later letter.

Von Papen replied, and his reply brought the following from Boy-Ed :—

Confidential: Please destroy.

BERLIN.

16th December, 1916.

For your friendly letter of the 12th instant, many thanks.

For the present I cannot fully satisfy your wish to receive the New York letter in your own hands, as Excellency v. Muller is not accessible to me, and my own Chief, who would have to refer to von Muller, is away on leave.

On the other hand, I have come to the conclusion, after consultation with the Chief of the Section at the Admiralty, that since the letter has become an official matter for me, I can hand it over to you without outraging my own conscience.

To-day, however, that can only be the case with that portion that affects you and me, which I have had specially copied.

In the meantime the following has happened :—

(1) The Chief of the Marine Cabinet has ordered an immediate report from the Admiralty Staff for His Majesty, so far as I am concerned.

(2) The New York letter and the part I played are lost sight of by the Imperial Chancellor in the attacks against Bernstorff and Dernburg.*

(3) The Chief of the Marine Cabinet passed the New York letter to the Chief of the Military Cabinet, who simply returned it without comment.

(4) The Secretary of State of the Imperial Navy, under whose orders I am, as I am too under those of the Chief of the Admiralty Staff, declined at any cost to support me in making my complaint and told the Chief of the Admiralty Staff of his refusal.

(5) The Chief of the Admiralty Staff therefore had the matter up again for consideration.

It would almost seem as though you and I would have to keep step with the Foreign Office, who, if it considers a complaint as out of the question on account of disturbing consequences, might compel us too to desist from it, as the Bernstorff case, on admission of evidence, could hardly be separated from us.

I agree with you that the peace offer can be a brilliant thing for us if cleverly carried out; there is, however, a widely-spread fear in political circles that if our enemies show themselves inclined to accept it, we shall not get much out of the peace.

I have just received news from Admiral von Usslar,† Prince Henry's Chief of Staff, that he had put my view of the New York letter before His Royal Highness, who stated that he attached no value at all to the letter, which he had seen some time ago, as he consistently disregarded all anonymous letters.

On that occasion, to my knowledge, he handed on the dirty work to His Majesty.

* Not reproduced in these papers.

† Formerly German Naval Attaché at the Embassy in London.

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A week later he wrote again, being by this time very uneasy in his mind as to the view the Kaiser, always merciless to those who made mistakes, would take of the petition to the Throne, which seems to have called for condign punishment:—

BERLIN.

23rd December, 1916.

My New York letter affair is unfortunately, to my mind, in an unfavourable condition, as the Foreign Office (Count Montgelas and Count Wedel) takes up the standpoint that it does not pay to make any fuss about the wretched business. The gentlemen also fear that an action for slander would stir up all sorts of undesirable things, and Count Wedel mentions your name especially in this connection.

I have already informed you that the incidents affecting my person have been made the subject of a petition, and I might also add that the Crown Prince and Prince Henry, to whom the letter is known to have gone, have received a copy of the petition to the Throne.

By January, 1917, his fears seem to have been largely allayed, for, writing to his friend at that time, he does not refer to the matter, but contents himself with a cursory review of the political aspect. It is instructive to find that the war has by now assumed the character of a "Jehad," or holy war, in the minds of the German nation:—

BERLIN.

2nd January, 1917.

Many thanks for your last letter. It was perfectly natural that the Entente declined the peace offer, as its acceptance would unquestionably have been regarded as an admission of defeat.

It is also psychologically clear and proper that they refused the offer so harshly and brutally, for otherwise the Entente Governments could not have faced their own peoples.

They were obliged to resurrect an anger by fresh incitements of coarse words and lies, which cannot be, as in the case of our own people, a "holy" one, since the inward moral incentives thereto are lacking.

It is a matter of delight to me that one can regard with confidence both our land and naval conduct of the war, gladly though I would have seen the war speedily ended.

By March, 1917, his fears had revived afresh, and it is illuminating to note the solution of his difficulties that he proposes, though how it would put an end to the circulation of the letter he does not condescend to explain; even *his* genius had its limitations.

The von Igel referred to belonged to the German Embassy at Washington in some minor capacity, is referred to further in one of Count Bernstorff's letters which follows, and was later recalled to Germany for military duty, joining

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the artillery at Juterborg for training before proceeding to the front:—

BERLIN.

3rd March, 1917.

The enclosed letter from von Igel is for your private information, and perhaps when you have read it, it were best to destroy it in the interests of safety.* Perhaps the simplest solution of the whole thing would be if we six, each in his turn, took Mr. Hossenfelder's friends who are gathered in the Fatherland in hand, in some quiet corner of the Grunewald.† Considering the by no means inconsiderable target which this pothouse-broadened figure offers, it should not be difficult for me, with the aid of my shooting skill, which was not gained in the Somme battles, to hit the least noble part of my adversary.

The last letter of the series is dated some five months later, when matters appear to have got beyond his control:—

BERLIN.

18th August, 1917.

I should be very thankful to you for a letter to the effect that I consistently declined all sabotage etc. undertakings during my stay in the United States from the beginning of the war.

You will remember I went so far in the case of Canada as to ask you to put me on the footing of an elder comrade and thus to forbid you the undertaking ordered you, a purposeless one, as I foresaw from the beginning.

You will further probably remember the conversation we had in the German Club at New York with Rintelen, in the presence of Herr Pavenstedt, regarding the *Lusitania*.

On this occasion, too, I warned you against the affair on account of the insufficiency of the preparations and the means at disposal, the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of a thoroughgoing result, and before aught else, on account of the exceptional likelihood of a very early discovery of the perpetrators and the inconceivable consequences.

This closes the correspondence, but an extract from his reply to the Admiralty is appended, which was no doubt sent to von Papen to keep him *au courant* of the affairs in which they were both so closely interested.

In it he says that the first part of the letter contained attacks upon members of the Embassy, Dernburg, Igel, etc., and that the second part, which was political, dealt with the increased severity of submarine warfare and its probable effect in the United States. He then adds:—

The writer of the letter then goes on to say that I made a great mistake and lowered myself, in that, on departing, I had read the Press a lesson and declared that a special Press law must be passed for protection of the public from insults.

* The letter is not reproduced, being merely abuse.

† The "six" referred to are presumably Boy-Ed, Papen, Igel, Bernstorff, Albert, and Dernburg, and the Grunewald is a well-known forest near Berlin, somewhat of the nature of Epping Forest.

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He then explains that in drawing up this address he had the aid of Mr. Samuel Untermayer, a leading Democratic politician, who had often assisted the Ambassador in an honorary capacity in legal questions and who came to Boy-Ed and said he must make the best of his exit. Mr. Untermayer is alleged to have drawn up a seven-page document of farewell remarks, from which Boy-Ed then excised all the biting remarks.

As proof of his own and von Papen's popularity, he cites the fact that two months after their departure the Deutscher Kriegerbund made them both honorary members of the Bund, an honour hitherto only shared by Prince Henry of Prussia and Grand Admiral von Koster, and quotes a farewell ode composed to him by Hermann Ridder's son in the New York *Staatszeitung*.

The only comments necessary on these two proofs of his popularity are that the letter of election to the Kriegerbund, which he appears to regard as a complete discharge for all his sins, is entirely silent on the voting by which the election was secured, *i.e.*, whether it was a snatch vote or unanimous, and that the Hermann Ridder referred to was a notorious pro-German who consistently advocated the German cause in his paper till he found it too hazardous a performance to continue.

(To be continued.)

Chapters from Childhood

Reminiscences of an Artist's Grand daughter

By Juliet M. Soskice

SOCIAL REFORMERS

I

FOR some time after my father's death my mother was ill and away, and I was sent to live with my aunt and uncle.* They lived in a large grey house with steps up to the front door and steps down to the area, and a great many stairs leading up to the top landings. The walls of all the rooms and staircases were covered with pictures, many with very bright colours in broad gilt frames. There were some portraits of other relations painted by a famous artist who was my uncle's brother.†

I had four cousins, who, though they were young, were Social Reformers. Mary was seven; Helen was nine; Arthur was about fourteen, and Olive was fifteen at least. I was eight, and I became a Social Reformer too.

We were anarchists. We believed that all people should be equal, and that nobody should possess more than anybody else; and we hoped for the Social Revolution. We had one big, red banner in common, and we three little ones had a smaller one of the same colour for our special use. They both had some words on them, cut out of silver paper and pasted on with glue. I don't remember the words, but they were mottoes of some kind. The banners looked very bright and expensive, especially in the open air.

We had an anarchist page-boy. He was the son of my aunt's French cook. He had red hair, and a cross, spotty face, and he used to open the door in the afternoon when visitors came. When he wasn't sitting in the hall he was

* Mr. and Mrs. William Michael Rossetti.

† Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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supposed to be helping his mother in the kitchen peeling potatoes and cleaning boots. But he never seemed to do much work. He disliked work because it tired him so. When he was in the kitchen he used to sit by the table with his arms spread out upon it, and eat whatever his mother put in front of him, and when she would not give him any more he went into the larder to find food. He never said what he was going to eat, so that we were always being disappointed at table because at the last moment he had eaten something that was needed in the cooking. At first his mother used to say it was the cat, but after a time it couldn't be hidden any longer because he ate so many things the cat could not ever touch. He sulked when he was spoken to about it, and grumbled because he had not been educated to be a Public Speaker.

He, of course, also thought that everybody should be equal and possess no more than everybody else. He said that he, for instance, was a uniformed slave of the Capitalist system. He used to lie on the dining-room sofa with his legs thrown up over the back of it and his coat unbuttoned and explain his views about it. He thought it was a shame that he was forced to wear a coat with a long row of degrading buttons up the front as a token of servitude and waste his youth on helping his mother who toiled and sweated in our kitchens while we, the representatives of the Tyrant classes, wore what we liked and were provided for.

He said that he was a son of France, and that in France they had once got up a Revolution and chopped the heads off all the Tyrants. Tyrants' heads rolled off into the basket underneath the guillotine as quickly as peas out of the shucks into the basin when his mother shelled them. One day, he said, the same thing would happen here, and then *our* turn would come, and he and his mother and their kind would triumph. Till then they would be patient and hug their grief in secret. French people are more excitable and say more serious things than the English do. We used to sit round him on the floor and hug our knees and listen. We felt ashamed and apologetic, and it was very difficult to think of anything to say to comfort him. Of course it wasn't our fault, and we longed for the Revolution. It was in our programme. Once my aunt came in

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and found him lying on the sofa and she grabbed him by the ear and led him straight out of the room right to the top of the kitchen stairs. She said she only kept him for his mother's sake. We all got up from the floor and stood close together. I shall never forget how angry we were and how terrible our faces looked when she was doing it. It seemed to come just as a proof of what he was always saying—how unjust the world was, and how the tyrants always got the best of it.

We had an anarchist printing press down in the front room of the basement. We printed an anarchist newspaper on it. Olive and Arthur wrote most of the articles themselves. The page always promised to write something for it but he never did because he said he couldn't find the time. Sometimes they got an article from a real outside Social Reformer. The paper was called *The Torch*, and we used to sell it in Hyde Park on Sunday and on the platforms of the biggest railway stations. I think it must have been interesting and uncommon, because whenever anybody bought a copy they would first stand for some time staring at the cover, and as soon as they got to the title of the first article they would to an absolute certainty (we knew because we used to watch) turn round suddenly and stare after us. I can't remember the headings of any of the articles, but I think there was an incitement to revolution in every copy. It was probably most about the moans of the classes trodden-under-foot, and the bloody (if it couldn't be done otherwise) repression of tyrants. That is what we were chiefly interested in at the time.

My aunt* didn't like the printing press. She was tall and narrow-shouldered and stooping. She had a broad, high nose and a long, rather severe face. She kept her mouth shut tight except when she was speaking, and her lips jutted out a little, especially when she was thinking about something interesting.

She was always moving about very quickly over the house. She used to sweep into the schoolroom early in the morning in a brown cloth dressing-gown when we were having lessons and listen for a minute. Then she would whirl the governess out of her chair and give us the lessons herself. She knew how to hit on the parts we knew least. Her voice

* Mrs. Rossetti was the eldest daughter of Ford Madox-Brown.

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went very high and very low, and she explained beautifully. Whenever my uncle gave me half-a-crown to spend she took it away to buy my stockings with. She loved me, but she thought that children should be taught to be economical. She was very clever and used to lecture about the rights of women; and she had written several books and painted pictures. She knew a great deal about education. Sometimes she whipped her children when they fell down and hurt themselves to teach them to be more careful, but she never did at any other time. In the afternoon when she was not busy she would nearly always smile and answer the most difficult questions.

She used to sweep along the streets just as quickly as she swept about the house. When we went out with her we used to follow in a tail quite out of breath.

She said that no one had the right to spend one idle moment on this globe. If she couldn't write or teach and lecture she would scrub, or sweep the streets or clean drains rather than be idle. She said work, work, work was the object of life.

She wore quite old clothes in the street because she said it was wrong to spend much money on clothes. She cut down Olive's dresses for Helen when Olive had done with them, and cut them still smaller for Mary when Helen had. She ate up all the fat and gristly pieces on her plate because she said luxurious habits were detestable, and she made us eat them, too, except Helen, because she was delicate.

She was very kind to the poor. Once we met a man in Tottenham Court Road, and he asked her for a penny to buy some food. She went into a shop and bought a big white roll for him and a hunk of cheese. When she came out and gave it to him he opened it and said, quite quietly and not angrily at all, "You might have stood a pat of butter, madam," and she looked at him and went back into the shop and paid the shopman to cut the roll and spread some butter on it. Then the man began to eat it at once. We thought she would have been angry, but she was not, only thoughtful.

Sometimes she would say: "And now we'll go and see Christina,"* and we did so.

She was a very kind poetess, who lived in one of a row

* Christina Rossetti.

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of houses in Torrington Square and wrote poems that usually ended sadly. She was very religious and sometimes she used to put on a long black veil and go into a sisterhood to pray. But at other times she wore a black dress and a white lace cap, and we used to find her in the back room of her house with her hands folded, thinking and waiting for the kettle to boil. But of course she did other things as well. Once she made me a tiny dining-room table and half-a-dozen chairs out of chestnuts and pins and red string, and put them in a little box and gave them to me and said:

"When you look at them remember Aunt Christina," and I did.

She had a mild, religious face, and smooth hair and very big grey eyes rather prominent. When we came in she was always glad, and she used to say:

"Welcome, merry little maidens," and made us sit round the table and have tea, and eat as much as we wanted. She had a big cupboard with sweets in it and a glass tank full of goldfish, and two very ancient ugly aunts, who lay in beds on the opposite sides of a room, with a strip of carpet in the middle.

They were so old that they couldn't stand up, and they could hardly talk. They always seemed to me to be waving their long, skinny hands. They wore big night-caps with frills round the edges and flowered bed-jackets.

They were very fond of children, and after tea I used to be sent up for them to look at. They used to stretch out their hands to me, and I used to stand on the strip of carpet between them and seem rude and unwilling to make friends. But it was really because I was frightened, for they reminded me of the wolf when he had eaten Red-Riding-Hood's grandmother up, and put on her night-cap and got into bed. They were in fact very affectionate, and wanted to be kind to me. It was only because they were so old and dried and wrinkled that I was frightened.

The reason that my aunt disliked the printing machine was that the day on which the paper went to press we were all quite black with the part that comes off on your hands and face, and Olive and Arthur were hot and irritable. Besides, she said, it was not right for my uncle, who was employed by the Government, to have a paper of that kind

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printed in his house. When people of importance came to see my uncle it could be heard quite plainly from his study groaning in the basement. But Uncle William stood up for us and protected it.

He had a head and face that joined together were an exact oval. His head was perfectly bald and shiny on the top, but he had a little white tufty fringe at the back that reached right down to his collar. He was tall and rather bent, and he wore a black frock-coat with a turn-down collar and rather wide trousers. He had thick white eyebrows and dark eyes. We loved him almost better than anyone, because he was so gentle and stuck to us through thick and thin about everything, not only about the printing press. He always read the articles in the paper, and he would smile and make suggestions in his kind, soft voice. But he always said to us, "Don't you think so?" not at all as if he really knew better than we. Aunt Lucy didn't really keep the page-boy so much for his mother's sake as that Uncle William protected him and said he had an interesting character and he was going to send him to the Polytechnic.

(To be continued.)

The Reputation of Ezra Pound

By May Sinclair

IF the views of some of our more conservative reviewers were immortal, posterity would have an odd idea of Ezra Pound. It would know him, if it were allowed to know him at all, as a literary mountebank; a masquerader looking for something to wear, ransacking the wardrobes of every century but his own; an impudent schoolboy letting off squibs in his back garden.

But what, after all, has Mr. Pound really done? It is true that he has let off squibs, lots of squibs, and some of them have hit one or two respectable persons in the eye. Mr. Pound is not a respecter of respectable persons. He has displayed a certain literary frightfulness in the manner of Laurent Tailhade. He has shown an arrogant indifference to many admired masterpieces of his day. And he has associated himself with unpopular movements. His appearance in *Blast* blasted him in the eyes of respectable persons not hitherto hostile to his manifestations. People become unpopular through association with him. In the interval between the disappearance of *Blast* and the re-emergence of *The Little Review* he published some negligible trifles, which were held up as representative of a trivial talent. Worse still, when various people were forming little groups and creating little organs of their own, Ezra Pound had the temerity to form a group and create an organ more or less his own.

If *The Little Review* had never printed anything but what came to it through its foreign editor it might by this time have ranked as an important international concern; unfortunately, it printed many things for which Mr. Pound was not responsible, and when it trespassed its iniquities were laid on him. Besides he gave opportunities. His critical manner was deceptive. When *The Little Review* announced its Henry James number with an article by Ezra Pound, some of us had visions of an irresponsible

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and agile animal shinning up a monument to hang by his feet from the top.

What actually happened?

I do not know any book yet written on Henry James of more solid value than Mr. Pound's "Brief Note" in *The Little Review*.

"I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny, book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled 'Epos' or 'Æschylus.' The outbursts in 'The Tragic Muse,' the whole of 'The Turn of the Screw,' human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage. The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't 'feel.' I have never found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry. . . ."

Is not that admirable? Is it not the essential serious truth of his subject? For the sake of it one can forgive Mr. Pound his minor perversities: for example, his dismissal of the beautiful "Spoils of Poynton" as "all that damned fuss about furniture."

And in relation to his actual *confrères*, what has happened? No contemporary critic has done more than Ezra Pound for the work of Gaudier Brzeska, of Mr. James Joyce, of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Mr. T. S. Eliot, to admit only four of the names associated with him. For the last seven years he has been more concerned to obtain recognition for other people than to capture any sort of hearing for himself. In this he has shown an absolutely incorruptible devotion to his craft. He may have been guilty of a few blunders, a few indiscretions and impertinences, but he has rendered services to modern international art that in any society less feral than our own would have earned him the gratitude of his contemporaries.

They have not even earned him moderate protection against prejudice.

It has been said of this poet—almost, if not quite the most original, the most individual poet of the century—that he has no originality, no hot, inspired genius, only talent, only an uncanny and prodigious dexterity; that his sources are purely and coldly literary; that he speaks behind a mask, and without his mask he is nothing.

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Well, Mr. Pound never denied his sources, and the author of "Personæ" would hardly disclaim his mask. There never was a poet more susceptible to influence, more sensitive to cadences, to the subtle flavours and flying gestures of words; never one who has so absorbed into his system three diverse literatures: of the langue d'Oc, of old China, of Augustan Rome. With a snatch at the Anglo-Saxon, at Sappho, at the Greek epigrammatists. But there is one literature that he rejects, that by no possibility could he assimilate: the literature of the Edwardian and Georgian eras.

As it happened, Mr. Pound's first poems, in "Personæ" and "Exultations," were so amazingly original, so violently individual, that nothing but violent individuality was expected of him. He wrote "La Fraîsne."

"By the still pool of Mar-nan-otha
Have I found me a bride
That was a dog-wood tree some syne,
She hath called me from mine old ways,
She hath hushed my rancour of council,
Bidding me praise

Nought but the wind that flutters in the leaves."

He wrote the beautiful "Praise of Ysolt."

"Lo, I am worn with travail
And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes
As dark red circles filled with dust.
Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,
And little red elf words crying 'A song,'
Little grey elf words crying, 'A song,'
Little brown leaf words crying, 'A song,'
Little green leaf words crying, 'A song,'
The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring-time,
Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song."

He wrote the "Ballad of the Goodly Fere."

"A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
A man of the wind and sea,
If they think they have slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat of the honey-comb
Sin' they stilled him to the tree."

Here was a voice that had not been heard before. Here was a strange, foreign beauty. They made Mr. Pound's reputation.

Then followed the "Canzoni." In spite of "The

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"Yearly Slain" and "The Vision," the "Canzoni" were a set-back to extravagant expectations. The elaborate form, the artificial sweetness, the dexterous technique, the sheer convention of the thing, were felt to be incompatible with unfettered, unpremeditative genius. Instead of warbling native wood-notes wild, Mr. Pound was thinking of his metric. Obviously, Mr. Pound was not a warbler.

There followed the "Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti" to suggest that Mr. Pound was a translator (not too accurate) rather than a poet. And to complete the disillusion people remembered that even in "Exultations" the influence of Mr. W. B. Yeats was discernible in at least four lines.

"But if one should look at me with the old hunger in her eyes
How will I be answering her eyes?"

"And it's a deep hunger I have when I see them a-gliding
And a-flickering there where the trees stand apart."

There followed "Ripostes." "Ripostes" with the grave, uncanny beauty of "The Tomb at Akr Çaar"; the poignant, almost unbearable passion of "The Return"; the magic of "Apparuit."

"Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there,
open lies the land, yet the steely going
darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded æther
parted before thee.

"Clothed in goldish web, delicately perfect,
gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands!
Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning
darest to assume this?"

Undoubtedly "Ripostes" contains some of his very finest work. It also includes some *opusculi* not so fine which have been remembered against him. Then came his somewhat invidious connection with *Poetry* and his appearance in *Blast*. Mr. Pound there made himself sponsor for Vorticism, and from that day to this alternate fury and indifference have been his portion. Or if any favour comes his way it wears the cold air of controversy and reservation. And, with one exception, every serious and self-respecting magazine is closed to this most serious and self-respecting artist.

He has not been at any pains to open them. It would have been easy enough. He had only to leave Vorticism

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and every other "ism" alone: It would have been far the more profitable course. With his uncanny capacity for saturating himself with various styles, his genius for impersonation, he could, if he had chosen, have become one of the most popular poets of his day; he had only to stand on the alert, to snare the familiar sentimental lilt, the familiar charm, the odour and cadence and the sensual thrill; only to follow the strong trail of the bloody realist—you can imagine the exquisite dexterity with which he would have sustained the *rôle*—only to write war-songs, to catch the note—he could so easily have caught it—of delicate yearning, or of stark, frightful, abominable truth. Why not? It would have paid him a hundred times over in cash and credit, and he would never have been found out, or not till he was too old and cynical to care.

It is, to say the least, surprising that in the years that saw the publications of "Lustra" and "Cathay" one should have heard it said that Ezra Pound was "finished," so clear it seems that he was only just beginning, only just discovering the medium, plastic, yet capable of the hardness of crystal or of bronze, that was to serve him henceforth. You perceive that between "Lustra" and "Cathay" something has happened to him.

That something was his discovery through Ernest Fenollosa of the old literatures of China and Japan.

(Here again his paraphrases from Fenollosa's translation of the "Noh" plays would have made a noble reputation for any man less dogged by invidious misfortune.)

Of all the influences that he has come under, that of the Chinese poets has been the most beneficent. It has made for clearness, for vividness and precision, for concentration, for the more and more perfect realisation of his ideal, the finding of his ultimate self.

"Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone,
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly."

Barring one or two poems in "Ripostes" there is nothing in his earlier work to compare with his translations—or are they paraphrases?—of Bunno and Mei-Sheng and Rihaku; of Kaku-haku, Rosorui and T'ao Yuan Ming.

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Take this: Rihaku's "Lament of the Frontier Guard."

"By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,
Lonely from the beginning of time until now!
Trees fall, the grass grows yellow with autumn.
I climb the towers and towers to watch out the barbarous land:
Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.
There is no wall left to this village.
Bones white with a thousand frosts,
High heaps covered with trees and grass;
Who has brought this to pass?
Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?
Who has brought the army with drums and, with kettle-drums?
Barbarous Kings.
A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn,
A turmoil of wars—men spread over the middle kingdom,
Three hundred and sixty thousand,
And sorrow, sorrow like rain.
Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.
Desolate, desolate fields,
And no children of warfare upon them,
No longer the men for offence and defence.
Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate,
With Rihaku's name forgotten,
And we guardsmen fed to the tigers."

Observe the certainty with which Mr. Pound gets his effect, by the placing of a copula,

"And sorrow, sorrow like rain";

by the cadence of his repetitions,

"Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning";

by sheer plain statement,

"There is no wall left to this village."

Observe the firm perfection of his own "Liu Ch'e," written, as if in anticipation, before Fenollosa's work came into his hands.

"The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
Dust drifts over the courtyard,
There is no sound of foot-fall, and the leaves
Scurry into heaps and lie still,
And she, the rejoicer of the heart, is beneath them.

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold."

Or his "Fan-Piece for Her Imperial Lord." It is but three lines.

"O fan of white silk,
Clear as frost on the grass blade,
You also are laid aside."

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After "Cathay," *Quia Pauper Amavi* with his Three Cantos :

"Hang it all, there can be but the one Sordello,
But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of tricks,
Let in your quirks and tweeks and say the thing's an art form, . . ."

Imitating Browning now? Perhaps; but, feature for feature, the new mask fits. Ezra Pound was never more himself than in this "art-form." You can see him chuckling as the idea dawned on him. "At last I can do what I 'want to'!" The form gives scope to his worst qualities and his best; his obscurity, his inconsequence, his caprice; his directness, his ease in the attack, his quickness, the shining, darkening turn and return as of a bird in the air or a fish in water; the baffling play of a spirit flying between darkness and light; the resurgence of abrupt, surprising beauty :

 ". . . here the sunlight
Glints on the shaken waters, and the rain
Comes forth with delicate tread, walking from Isola Garda.
 Lo Soleils plovil,
It is the sun rains, and a spatter of fire
Darts from the 'Lydian' ripples, *lacus undae*,
And the place is full of spirits" . . .

Mr. Pound has poured into his Cantos the contents of what he calls his "phantastikon." Anything may happen in this art-form. There are as yet but three Cantos published: there may be three hundred before Mr. Pound has done, and no reason beyond the reader's convenience why the endless rhapsody should be divided into Cantos at all. The third proceeds, with no intelligible transition, from

 "John Heyden,
Worker of miracles, dealer in levitation,"

to a chunk of the *Odyssey*, translated so *incomparably* well that one wishes Mr. Pound would finish what he has begun.

You may pass over the *Mœurs Contemporaines*. The thing has been done better by Jules Laforgue and Laurent Tailhade. You might even pass the *Langue d'Oc*, but that it has something that the earlier translations lacked: a rough hardness, a twist, a sharp tang overlying the arti-

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ficial sweetness. The translator has escaped from the first enchantment of this literature. He is at pains to show up its essential artifice. By every possible device—the use of strange words like “gentrice” and “plasmatur”—he throws it seven centuries back in time. It is to sound as different from modern speech as he can make it, because it belongs to a world that by the very nature of its conventions is inconceivably remote, inconceivably different from our own, a world that we can no longer reconstruct in its reality.

By this device, this thickening of the veil that hangs between us and the dead world of the *Langue d'Oc*, Mr. Pound sets in relief the reality, the modernity of his *Propertius*. It is as if he said, “There is the echoed falsetto of a voice that never rang quite true; here—a thousand years before it—is the voice of a live man, a man you might meet in Piccadilly to-day.” There is no essential difference between Rome in the Augustan and London in the Georgian age.

“Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations,
Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities
And expound the distentions of Empire,
But for something to read in normal circumstance?
For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?
I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
And there is no hurry about it;
I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral” . . .

Mr. Pound gives light English for the light Latin. *Propertius*’s Roman irony rings fresh and English, a modern irony that mocks at everything, at love and death:

“Midnight and a letter comes to me from our mistress:
Telling me to come to Tibur, ‘At once!’
Bright tips reach up from twin towers,
Anienan spring water falls into flat-spread pools.

“What is to be done about it?
Shall I entrust myself to tangled shadows
Where bold hands may do violence to my person?

“Yet if I postpone my obedience
because of this respectable terror
I shall be prey to lamentations worse than a nocturnal assailant.

“And I shall be in the wrong,
and it will last a twelvemonth,
For her hands have no kindness me-wards. . . .

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"Nor is there anyone to whom lovers are not . . .
sacred at midnight
And in the Via Sciro.

"What if undertakers follow my track?
such a death is worth dying.
She would bring frankincense and wreaths to my tomb,
She would sit like an ornament on my pyre."

Again :

"When, when and whenever death closes our eyelids,
Moving naked upon Acheron,
Upon the one raft, victor and conquered together,
Marius and Jugurtha together,
one tangle of shadows.
Caesar plots against India,
Tigris and Euphrates shall, from now on, flow
at his bidding,
Tibet shall be full of Roman policemen,
The Parthians shall get used to our statuary
and acquire a Roman religion ;

"One raft on the veiled flood of Acheron,
Marius and Jugurtha together.
Nor at my funeral either will there be any long trail,
bearing ancestral lares and images;
No trumpets filled with my emptiness,
Nor shall it be on an Atalic bed ;
the perfumed cloths shall be absent.
A small plebeian procession,
Enough, enough and in plenty
There will be three books at my obsequies
Which I take, my not unworthy gift, to Persephone."

His irony laughs equally at himself and at the conquests
of Augustus.

"Oh, august Pierides! Now for a large mouthed product.

Thus :

'The Euphrates denies its protection to the Parthian
and apologies for Crassus,'
And 'It is, I think, India which now gives necks
to your triumph,'
And so forth, Augustus. 'Virgin Arabia shakes
in her inmost dwelling.'

And I shall follow the camp, I shall be duly celebrated
for singing the affairs of your cavalry."

Or take "A Difference of Opinion with Lygdamus."
Not even the reference to the "other woman's" incanta-
tions disturbs the bright impression of modernity.

Nor should this surprise us. Our imperial politics

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bring us very near to Augustan Rome. Our intelligentsia, by its psychology, by its ironic detachment, its disenchantments, the melancholy that overlies its increasingly intellectual view of life, is nearer to the intelligentsia of the Augustan era than, say, to that of the Eighteenth Century. And Ezra Pound has never found a mask that fitted him better than his Propertius. In all his adventures he goes out to the encounter with himself; he maintains himself, a salient, abrupt, unmistakable entity through all his transformations.

On this account his translation is not to be recommended to students cramming Propertius for an exam. He has made blunders here and there that any schoolmaster would have avoided. His "night-dogs" for *nocturnæ-que canes* procured him a rating from at least one professorial chair. There always will be a certain number of inverted minds for which microscopic errors assume supreme importance. Mr. Pound is a poet and he knows that in a foreign poet the essential thing is not always his literal sense, nor yet the structure and agreeable cadence of his verse, but his manner, the way he says things, his gesture, his tone and accent. With rather more brusquerie in his manner, it is this living gesture and tone and accent that Mr. Pound's paraphrasing conveys. You know that it is right because you feel that it is alive; that this is an actual Propertius. Mr. Pound should be tried by a jury, not of professors, but of his peers: his defence should be to read aloud Odes VII. and IX. and X. "My happy night, night full of brightness."—"The twisted rhombs ceased their clamour of accompaniment."—"Light, light of my eyes, at an exceeding late hour I was wandering,

And intoxicated."

If he had never written anything else: if he had never appeared in *Blast*, never helped to edit *The Little Review*, never expressed his inmost opinion of his contemporaries, but had burst upon the town in innocence with his "Homage to Sextus Propertius," he would have achieved a reputation, a more solid and enduring reputation than he made by "Personæ" and "Exultations."

The Fall of Lady Toni

By Michael Arlen

ON the second evening after my return to England I was sitting in the Ritz *foyer* waiting for my party to turn up for dinner. I had purposely come rather early.

From where I sat, by the ridiculous fountain thing in the upper lounge, I had a clear view of the revolving doors of the Piccadilly entrance; through which, vividly, came and quickly disappeared to the left a startling, slender vision of bright red hair and white ermine cloak. I did not recognise her until she appeared again a few seconds later without her cloak. She walked slowly to the two steps leading up to the lounge. From my distance I could stare quite safely, and delightfully, at her standing on the lower step looking round for someone. I can't hope to describe the amazing effect of the strange, elegant thing standing there without the smallest pretence of being a human being. The bright red hair, pulled tightly back to expose, quite bravely, her forehead and ears, clamouring and clashing and harmonising with the vivid whiteness of her face, of her entirely nude arms and shoulders and chest, and the shining, unrelieved black of the black sequin dress which swept down in a severe, adorably simple and straight line from the two thin ribands which were its creator's only concession to Lady Toni Considine's famous shoulders. Where the face should have contained a mouth, it startled by a long crimson gash. . . . Red and black! Indeed, indeed, Henri Beyle, sitting where I sat, could not have wished to see a more adequate symbol of his *Rouge et Noir* conception of life. . . . There, in that figure, a fantastic paganism and an unrestrained civilisation met together; there, where the face and shoulders should have been flesh and blood but had been bought in Bond Street as "wet white," where the mouth should have been alive and beautiful but was as vividly dead as even the greatest masterpieces of art are dead beside the living reality—in spite of Oscar Wilde, and this

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Toni Considine, and all those others who have blindly and wonderfully tried to make life beautiful by doing ugly things. . . .

The lounge was almost empty, and soon her eyes turned to me. She stared, and then those hard, very lovely features broke into the happiest of welcoming smiles, and she came quickly towards me with outstretched hand.

"Let me touch you quickly, quickly," she cried from five yards away. "I can't really believe that you are still alive. . . . Why, you fool of a man, it makes me feel old to think of the years since I last saw you, all those years that you've so miserably wasted."

Of course I said a word here and there, but what I said didn't, and still doesn't, matter. She sat down by me.

"I can't bear to think of all those years when I might have seen you, but didn't. . . . But, anyway, you can make up for it here and now. Never again will you have such an unrivalled opportunity of paying me a few discreet, but acceptable compliments. You might, for instance, begin by remarking that I have grown into a very beautiful woman—peculiar, no doubt, but very stylish, don't you think? Next, you can coin a pretty phrase to compliment me on my amazingly red hair—and you of all people can vouch for the authenticity of that same red, for it was that colour when you last saw me, when I was too young even to distinguish between henna and 'that red-haired woman.' As for complexion, you can't say much about that, because it really is *so good* that I have reluctantly been compelled to conceal it from the climate. . . ."

"But it is very skilfully concealed," I ventured.

"Oh, some say one thing, some another."

And so she went on. It was all patter-talk, her epigrams and delightful indecencies came spontaneously out from stock; she didn't even trouble to hide her insincerities by looking at me as she spoke. Her eyes kept wandering to the door, expecting someone. . . . But, in her queer patent-leather way, I really believe that she was glad to see me; I was a "new face," anyway, or rather a new "old face," which she had not seen for ten years, for I had been out of England all that time. And, as I looked at her, I had to grant the illustrated papers a good excuse; she really was very lovely, though to describe her would be too

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much like marking off the items in a catalogue of beauty perquisites. Only her eyes, those large, upward slanting, inquiring eyes, were her own, and I wondered if they had ever held anything in their soft grey depths but the exhilaration of the moment. I wondered if they held any secrets, or if, after all, they were just part of the general *ensemble* of superficial beauty, all beautiful scum. . . . The grey eyes were soft, not hard. Toni had not made the common mistake of so many women of her type, she had had not let her eyes follow the rest of her body (for this is not a story about souls); she had kept them soft and, in sudden moments, rather sad; wonderfully untainted by the slightest touch of that devastating *verdigris* which throughout the ages has had to enshroud "innocence" before it can become "experience." Looking into those eyes, one could almost understand why so many men had fallen in love with her . . . and why so many men had believed her when she had said that she was in love with them. But, perhaps, she, too, believed her own words, however often repeated. It is indeed difficult to say whether the Sphinx hides a secret or a deficiency. . . .

"There are three things a wretched exile wants to know about you, Toni," I said in the first silence which she allowed herself. (a) "Why you married Ralph Considine; (b) why you divorced same; (c) what you are doing with your life at this present moment?"

She put a hand, almost impulsively, on my arm.

"Gerald, I always try to encourage an intelligent interest in my life, but to-night I really haven't the energy to answer leading questions in detail. I'm rather depressed, you know. . . . I've forgotten why I married Ralph, but I distinctly remember divorcing him because I simply couldn't afford him about the house. He was quite the most expensive amusement I've ever allowed myself. . . . And he complicated the divorce arrangements a little by insisting on being in love with me, which was very indecent of him under the circumstances, don't you think? Anyway, there it was. We had to go through with it, and it's no use being sentimental. . . ."

Her fingers were still, very lightly, on my arm, but her eyes had wandered to the floor; and in that second of silence, a grim sadness seemed to have crept into them;

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intruding on that face as, perhaps, a crowning and pathetic denial of its mask of affectation. Indeed, she was a very-pathetic figure.

"At the present moment," she began, her voice again full of the mischievous insincerity of hoarseness, which she had been to so much trouble to cultivate, "I am by way of having made an utter mess of my life. That's true, Gerald, and well I know it! Quite apart from the state of my soul, I am the poorest woman of modern times. I haven't a penny. . . . Isn't it absurd?"

It certainly was, as the rope of pearls round her throat didn't, even to my eyes, need biting to prove their rich genuineness. Her smile followed my eyes, and broke into a laugh.

"Oh, don't try to be a fool," she said; "pearls aren't money, they're credit. . . . Quite at the end of my tether, Gerald, and very tired of fencing. I'm only twenty-eight, and still frightfully young in my amusements, but I simply can't put up with uncertainties and makeshifts any more. I've definitely finished with a vagabond life—you know what I mean—I must have life, from now onwards, complete with all the usual offices. And I'm going to have it."

The tone of her last sentence allowed no room for doubt as to whether she was going to have "it" or not. It was the most definite remark that she had yet made, and I believed her at once. But I did wonder how. . . .

My party had at last arrived, and were waiting for me to join them; but they would have to wait, I couldn't leave Toni for the moment. After all, I had been an exile for ten years, and this meeting was my welcome back to the life from which I had run away. Not that there had been anyone like this grown-up Toni Considine then, for she was the particular creation of the moral and social anarchy of the pre-war Georgian period. For of course I had heard of her during my absence, and seen her photographs in such illustrated papers as found their way out to me, as indeed who hasn't? For in whatsoever corner of the world one happened to be, from Valparaiso to dear old "poets'-corner" in Samarcand, one found it difficult to be entirely ignorant of the face and fortunes of Lady Toni Considine. She had, as though accumulatively, become a legend, with a real, notorious background; deprecated, deplored, *declassé*,

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but accepted. . . . When I say *declassé*, I mean that no woman, daughter of king, duke or courtesan, can continue to do what she likes for years and still hope to be received in the houses of our more respectable dowagers. Not, of course, that Toni would have bored herself with them, whether they would or no. . . . But her photographs and reported extravagances had not prepared me for anything so really outrageous or so delightful as her actual self; so when she asked me to join her to-morrow, Saturday, in a week-end party, I didn't refuse.

"At George Carter's place," she answered my question.

"George Carter!" And I showed my surprise quite childishly.

"Oh, I keep on forgetting that you have been the black man's burden in the Colonies for years!" she cried impatiently. "You're behind the times, Gerald. Nowadays millionaire shopkeepers are the only people left who will still know the less respectable aristocracy as represented by myself. But even they won't know the more respectable ones. . . . Besides our two selves, there will be that nasty old Cockney, Wiltshire, Duchess of And of course her young man, whom I shall try not to fall in love with just to spite the cat—such a pet he is, Gerald—and a few others, mostly tame. It *may* amuse you, and the living is very good down there. . . . Anyway, you must come down to stand by me," she said, trying to look very sincere.

"The only thing I can give you, and welcome, is moral support, Toni. But where on earth did you find the horrible Carter?"

"If an old friend will forgive my being really vulgar for a moment," she said lazily, "I found him about a million sterling from where I shall drop him. Or, indeed, he may do the dropping, for all I care . . . for I've been thrown away before now, you know. If I don't hang on to someone very tight before I'm thirty men will be getting into the habit of it."

She smiled at my rather serious face. It is always rather difficult for me not to look serious.

"Carter's my man, Gerald," she said, with mock solemnity. "And my intentions are strictly honourable, I am going to marry him. . . . But my intentions always have been on the best lines, it's just laziness that has brought

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my wretched person to this pass. Laziness, Gerald, is what has come between me and a perfect imitation of the British matron. But it's quite the worst thing, and I can't afford it any more. . . . He's a brute, this Carter person, but pleasant, you know. And one does know where one is with him, anyway, which is the only pleasant difference between him and a gentleman. . . ."

She was standing, ready to leave me.

"Well, good-bye, Gerald dear—and thank you very much for coming back to England again," And her fingers round mine weren't half so limp as the ridiculous intonation of her voice made one expect. Dear, dear Toni! What a pity that she was not all grey eyes, the large affectionate grey eyes which were smiling on me now! And how difficult it was to know, as indeed I did know for certain, that she didn't care a damn for me one way or the other. Not a damn really.

"And you promise to come down to-morrow evening, don't you?" she asked, quite anxiously. "Carter will be only too pleased to feed yet one more member of White's—who, moreover, has direct orders from me to help me not to play the fool until . . . And then what fun for us all, my Gerald!" she cried gaily. "But now I really must go, for my young man has been waiting on ice for the last ten minutes. And if he strangles me to-night for not loving him as I once may have told him I did, will you please remember always that the only sensation poor Toni never knew was that of—certainty, Gerald?" It was a vague laugh in a black sequin dress that left me, not a woman at all. . . .

* * * * *

The climax came on Sunday afternoon at about tea-time; with shocking suddenness, but not, even to me, entirely unexpectedly; for as I had only arrived just in time for dinner on the evening before, I had had very little time in which to penetrate the windings, indecencies and subtleties of the situation. Not that the actual situation, as such and in itself, was difficult to disentangle from the first minute after my sitting down at the dinner-table, around which I saw the whole company gathered for the first time; for Toni, at her end of the table, and with her ordering of me to sit on her left, was too obviously our hostess, and George Carter was

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too obviously just what he was, to allow of any uncertainty as to her present and future position in his house. And as for the outrageous old Wiltshire woman, she was obviously much too obsessed with love for her "young man," who was sitting on her left and on Toni's right, to be of use to anyone else in the world; I suppose in spite of her manner, she was a kindly enough woman, but, so I judged, more than usually vindictive in her dislikes, of which it did not take a wise man to guess that Toni, beneath a purr, was a pre-eminent one. The "young man" himself was a tall, wan, ascetic-looking youth of the name of Nevil Charteris. I found him rather difficult to place, as he certainly did not look the type that the old Duchess's affections must have needed: he was not half tame enough, and he had a biting but modulated sort of wit which peculiarly suited Toni's extravagances; indeed, they seemed to get on well together. . . . Toni's promise of several young men about the house was not fulfilled, as there was only one more in the party, and that a very sensitive, delicate looking boy of eighteen or nineteen, George Carter's son by his dead wife; how that slight, clean-cheeked lad ever came to be his father's son I can't imagine, for (he was sitting beside me, on his father's right) no contrast could have been more definitely marked than that between the boy's real sensitiveness and his father's massive impassivity. . . . What nonsense is talked about millionaire "hustlers"! I will warrant that, by the look of the man's heavy, determined face and not unsympathetic eyes, he had never in his life hurried about any action or decision, but had heavily and immovably plodded—yes, plodded!—on his way to that colossal fortune.

We were not half-way through the courses before I was quite decided that at the back of every mind around the table, except of course the boy's, was an undercurrent of something, an unpleasant complicated something, which was as equally reflected in the dull, malicious stare of the Duchess's eyes as in the brilliant glitter of Toni's. From my host's face I could not hope to guess anything; he talked, quite amiably, about anything that came, mostly with the old Wiltshire, and with me. Toni, whom I had never expected to see so sensibly witty, sometimes threw a phrase at me instead of to

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Charteris, but I was too slow for them, and before I had even caught it, they had it back and jumping between them. It was good fun to listen to them, though I wondered if that was the reason for the frequent, but short, silences at the other end of the table. But Toni's manner with anyone she liked was always dangerously familiar. . . . And yet I had a vague idea that she was not being very sensible, that she was playing with something that looked almost like fire. How like the woman, consistent in her every inconsistency, to pretend to trifle with what she had, quite sincerely, called her "last chance." . . .

A couple of hours later as I was undressing in my room, I had a sort of comic vision of the faces of George Carter and the Duchess added together, watching Toni at her life's game; and, even when those faces, sinister in their immobility, simply had to smile at some of Toni's most absurd outbursts, they looked to me too settled and, well, morose, to suffer much trifling gladly. But after all, I thought lazily, I suppose they both know what they want; Carter certainly does anyway, and so against that he can measure exactly how much he will stand. . . . And Toni, although she has made unreliability her life-work, isn't an absolute fool!

I did not leave my room until very late on Sunday morning, and the only person I saw before lunch was my host. I found him in the library—which consisted of rows upon rows of books bought in sets, for decorative purposes only—with a pile of Sunday papers on the floor beside his chair, of which he was reading one.

"Beastly morning," he looked up to say; "help yourself to some papers."

It was obviously a habit with him to read the Sunday papers with a certain thoroughness (as it is, I believe, with all the lower classes), and so I did not prolong the conversation; picked up a picture paper and moved with it to the large French windows, through which I stared at the depressing autumn drizzle, which seemed to fall with peculiar fitness on the wide and flat expanse of Carter's estate. Not that I wished the man any harm. . . . In fact, I rather liked his honest abruptness; and it certainly was very good of him to put up an entire stranger at his house, as I had tried to tell him the night before. But even so the outlook from his library windows, through the filmy curtain of damp,

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unwholesome drizzle, was duller and more uninteresting than even an Essex countryside has a right to be on a Sunday morning in October. . . . My eyes were held contemplatively by a small, cone-shaped, windowless building of pure white stone about twenty yards away from the house, to the right of my window; its tapering roof seemed to be made entirely of glass, though I could scarcely believe it; it seemed to have no door, but from its silly white face a closed-in, latticed glass passageway swerved up the slight gradient to a side door of the house. Never have I seen anything so ridiculous!

"Is it a studio?" I had to ask.

"That!" he looked deliberately up from his paper. "Well, yes, it might be called a studio. It was built as a studio for my son, but Toni called it a pavilion, and so it has been a pavilion ever since. As a matter of fact it's a sort of heathenish lounge full of divans and things. . . . Quite pleasant to smoke a cigar there sometimes. Toni likes it."

Lunch was an exact repetition of dinner the evening before, except that two young men and a straw-coloured imitation of Toni arrived from London just in time to join us round the table. The Duchess was, if possible, a little more baleful, and a little more obsessed by a desire to snatch up her "young man" and carry him away from his dangerous proximity to that Considine woman, who was looking curiously, and more than ever, dazzling in the drab light of the day, in a lazy white afternoon dress. . . . I grew to like George Carter more and more, for he really did his heavy best to amuse the young men and the straw-coloured person, who, it seems, wrote cleverish poetry, but was quite, quite deplorable.

At about three o'clock, in the drawing-room, our host suggested a game of poker—"quite low, no ruining down here"—and we sat down to it. There were six of us for the game, as, on the Duchess asking where Toni had got to, Carter replied that she generally rested for an hour or so in the afternoon.

"But she won't be long away from a gamble," he said.

And as Nevil Charteris had been heard to say that he simply must write a few letters to catch the four o'clock post, we sat down to play without him.

"Anyway, he's a poor gambler, he takes his risks differ-

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ently," the Duchess launched out. But she did not seem very comfortable, and her eyes jerked up to the door when it opened to let in a servant with a tray. The boy, Peter, of course did not play, but sat behind his father's shoulder, watching.

After the first half-hour we played almost in silence, except for our calls. The game was certainly not a very high one, as one could not have won or lost more than forty or fifty pounds, but I had to keep all my wits about me because Carter and one of the young men played an exceptionally good game. The Duchess threw her cards in most of the time without betting; she complained once or twice about not having seen even a "pair," but I wondered if that or Charteris's letters was the reason for her sitting-out. However, when she did come in, she lost her money gallantly.

We had been playing for more than an hour before I noticed Carter's pre-occupation; I had raised his bet from five to ten pounds, but he was looking at his wrist-watch, and I had to repeat the sum; and then he "saw" me with an absurdly inadequate hand. . . . It was only then that I realised that the silence was odd, uncomfortable. Toni's straw-coloured friend did not seem of a silent bent, but I now felt that she was nervous, anxious about something. The door took up not a little of the attention which could more profitably have been given to her cards.

"Peter, dear," the Duchess broke the silence suddenly and sweetly, "will you be an angel and find my cigarette case for me? It's somewhere about the house, I, don't quite know where, but I must have it because I can't smoke these things. . . . I have an idea I may have left it in the pavilion yesterday afternoon when I was there with you, looking at your charming pictures. . . ."

"Run along, Peter," his father ordered, and the boy left us.

But in less than five minutes he was back in the room—so shyly and quietly that I, for one, would not have noticed his entrance if Carter had not turned sideways in his chair towards him. Strange boy! He seemed to hang about a sofa near the door, almost stealthily. . . .

"Well?" Carter asked abruptly. "Got it?"

I confess that I rather wondered at our host's sudden

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interest in the Duchess's cigarette case—but I wondered still more poignantly at his son's manner of answering the abrupt question. In the strained silence all our eyes were towards him, curiously levelled at him with his father's question—and the boy stared helplessly back at his father, seemed to try to open his lips, and his funny, pink face wrinkled up in grotesque helplessness and terror; he burst into a hoarse sob, and rushed out of the room . . . We sat staring amazedly at the closed door. But Carter turned back to his cards quite unmoved.

"He's often like that," he explained. "Quite mad."

The Duchess smiled very sourly.

A few minutes later Nevil Charteris came in, and in his quiet, elegant way drew Peter's empty chair beside the Duchess and sat in it.

"Have you finished your correspondence, Nevil?" the Duchess asked him.

"Well, there's no harm in calling it 'correspondence,'" he drawled lightly. "Begging letters to one's trustees, you know. . . . Are you winning?"

But the conversation seemed to fall back into the strained silence. Frankly I could not understand it—why? Charteris seemed quite calm. Why were we, even our impenetrable host, so taut and rigid—just for Toni to come in?

The psychology of a crowd is indeed strange, somehow impelling a sameness of unreasoning thought, of almost motiveless behaviour. For when at last the door did open, not one of us looked up from the table. We knew she was there. . . .

"Are the poor losing and the rich winning as usual?" she asked gaily. She was half-way from the door, by an occasional table near the sofa, smiling unconcernedly at us. She had changed her white dress and was as I had first seen her at the *Ritz*, but in different, less severe black.

"Oh, the poor can take care of themselves," I replied.

The straw-haired girl giggled. Carter had turned towards Toni with exactly the same gesture and manner as had driven his son in tears from the room. But Toni only pulled a comic face at him, ridiculing his fixed portentousness. . . . The Duchess looked quite nakedly malignant. It was only a matter of a second or so.

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"If this is your way of amusing a poor female, I think I shall go back to the pavilion," she threatened Carter mockingly.

"So you've been in the pavilion!" Carter's words echoed through the room. And with a shock I remembered his son's wrinkled, sobbing face, his terror. The girl giggled again, the nervous fool. . . . The smile still clung to Toni's ghastly crimson mouth, but her eyes were fixed with real bewilderment on Carter's stern face. . . . I could have spat at the Duchess, with utter loathing.

But Toni was not a fool, she knew her man in this sort of moment—that heavy, incriminating, convicting stare! He said nothing. Rather wistfully, as she stood and looked back at him, her fingers lazily went up her dress to the rope of pearls round her throat. As though absent-mindedly she unfastened it, and then with the vaguest murmur of a laugh, she let the splendid bauble gently coil down on to the little table beside her. . . . Perhaps three minutes, not more, had passed since she had come in. Only then, for the first time, her eyes left Carter's face. They widened and stared, sweeping away the affected smile which had so far cloaked her, to Nevil Charteris, somehow forgotten, almost concealed behind the Duchess's shoulder.

"You bloody fool!" she said bitterly. "I told you so!"

A Great School

MR. FISHER, the President of the Board of Education, speaking in the School Hall in November 1918, remarked in the course of his address that "although he was not a Cambridge man, he had long known of the Perse School and the valuable work that was carried on there. He was afraid that it was only too true that educational methods tended to become monotonous and stereotyped and that educational effort tended to flow in a quiet, dull, sluggish stream through certain narrow and deeply-cut channels. That, at any rate, was not the case at the Perse School. Thanks to the marked individuality and originality of the headmaster and of his staff, the Perse School had forged ahead upon lines of its own. The Board of Education were always anxious to encourage experiment in education. They offered a special grant to schools which could satisfy the Board that they were carrying on promising educational experiments. He regretted to say that there was only one other school besides the Perse School which received that grant. He only wished he could find the spirit of educational experiment more widely diffused in the educational world than it was at the present day. . . . Allusion had been made to the great sacrifice and ardent spirit of the masters of that school. The Perse School was in one respect very fortunately situated—situated in an illustrious academic centre, where it could naturally claim the attention of a distinguished staff. He had reason to know full well how brilliant were the staff that the school had been fortunate enough to secure. . . . He hoped that the school might ever continue to represent originality in the field of education and to set the pace for other schools slower than itself."

The Perse has specialised in methods of teaching, and is famous throughout the world for its educational experiments. Dr. Rouse, Mr. Jones and Mr. Appleton have made the classical languages once more live upon the lips of boys, *volitare per ora puerorum*; in the class-rooms of Mr. de Glehn and M. Chouville you may hear the French tongue spoken by tiny scholars with an exquisite Parisian accent; in the *Perse Playbooks* you may read the delightful English poems and

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dramas of Mr. Caldwell Cook's youthful pupils; while in the Union Society you may hear a speech on a public matter that would not discredit the chosen orators of Oxford and Cambridge. Incidentally, may we not add that last season's Rugby XV. was one of the best school teams of the year? In the movement against early specialisation, in the reconciliation of science and letters, in the teaching of Latin and Greek as spoken and living tongues, in the application of direct oral methods to French and German (would one could add to them Spanish and Italian, but the funds are lacking!) upon principles approved by the late Prime Minister's Committee on Modern Languages, in the teaching of the mother tongue, so commonly neglected in our public schools—in these and in other directions the Perse may claim to have led the way. And yet how very much more Dr. Rouse and his colleagues have planned and could do, in languages, in scientific studies, in handwork in all its developments, were it not for the lack of material facilities and the growing menace from public subsidies to the school's essential independence! The Perse is terribly poor—its endowment is under £400 a year—and a sum of £50,000 is *immediately* required. A Perse School Tercentenary and War Memorial Fund has been opened; and the trustees passionately desire to realise the ideal of a fully-equipped public school, which shall be at the same time a free and unfettered centre of educational experiment and progress and shall "ever continue to represent originality in the field of education." This would, they are firmly convinced, be a great work for England. But two things are urgently needed—the building of a new school upon a new and more spacious site, admitting of unrestricted development and capable of meeting the demands of the future; and, secondly, the provision of a capital sum for maintenance, large enough to enable the Governors to restrict within narrow limits or altogether to dispense with annual grants from the local bodies. Freedom of experiment (the life of the Perse) is incompatible with public control.

The question of moving the school from its present site has at last come within the range of practical politics; and the Governors have now unanimously given their assent in principle to it. The way is thus open for great developments on a broad, comprehensive and far-sighted plan. But

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immediate action is essential; a large area of land must *at once* be secured. If this can be speedily achieved and a large capital sum provided for maintenance, the great and valuable national work which the Perse is now doing can be maintained and freely developed to the lasting good of the nation; and a new school will arise on a new site, equipped in a manner more worthy of England and of her primary need of a sound secondary education. Should the character of the school fail to be maintained through the lack of adequate and immediate voluntary support, it will, in the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge, be a real national disaster.

His Majesty the King has paid a gracious tribute to the part played by the Perse; while last November, at the Old Persean Dinner held to celebrate its tercentenary, Prince Albert congratulated the school (which Lord Crewe correctly described as "a forward outpost of education") upon its ancient origin, its interesting history, its famous men and "last, but not least, on the prominent position taken by the school in the pioneer work of modern education, due in so large a measure to the brilliant and energetic efforts of Dr. Rouse and his colleagues."

Will not some readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW by substantial and generous gifts come to the aid — *νόσου παυστήριον*—of this great and ancient foundation, whose proudest tradition in a long and honourable history of 300 years is, in truth, the reform of the future?

This unique appeal is supported, among others, by the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Crewe, the Earls of Cromer, Lytton and Plymouth, Viscount Burnham and Viscount Milner, the Bishop of Ely, Mr. Fisher, the Poet Laureate, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Frederic Kenyon, Sir William Mather, Sir Charles Parsons, Sir Ronald Ross and Major-General Sir Fabian Ware. Cheques, crossed and made payable to "The Perse School Tercentenary Fund," may be sent to Harold P. Cooke, Esq. (Hon. Sec., Old Persean Society), Cleveland, Lyndewode Road, Cambridge, or Sydney Walton, Esq., C.B.E., 5, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1 (from either of whom particulars as to the Fund and the work and position of the school can be obtained), or to Edmund H. Parker, Esq., Messrs. Barclay's Bank, Cambridge.

The Royal Commission on Agriculture

By F. E. Green

MR. LLOYD GEORGE possesses a schoolboy love for bonfires. He delights in creating a conflagration for the fun of putting it out. Even when he set up a Royal Commission on Agriculture he could not resist this fatal passion. No sooner had he erected his bonfire than he put a match to it. But an agricultural bonfire takes a long time to extinguish. The wind blew from the wrong quarter and the smoke has uncomfortably rolled back into 10, Downing Street. The bonfire persists in smouldering.

Dictatorship, like drink, is a bad habit, and the Dictator of the House of Commons in moments of petulance committed two fatal errors. The first blunder was made when he tampered with the terms of reference; the second when he refused to allow the Commission to present a Final Report. Could the Dictatorship of Lenin go further in an inquiry into the greatest of our industries? But Prime Ministers, not even Wizards, should tamper with the terms of reference of a Royal Commission. Detection is so easy.

At its first sitting the Commission discovered that to the terms of reference "to inquire into the economic prospects of the agricultural industry in Great Britain, with special reference to the adjustment of a balance between the prices of agricultural commodities, the cost of production and the remuneration of labour" the Government had added the apparently artless words, "and hours of employment."

To the outsider those simple words may mean nothing, but to the farmers and the labourers they meant everything. It was nothing less than an act of shameless trickery on the part of the Government to juggle the Commission into a new discussion on the inclusion of agriculture in the Forty-

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eight Hours Bill. The Industrial Council, on which both farmers and labourers were represented, had agreed to include agriculture; but the Prime Minister on his return from Paris had announced that *he* intended to exclude both farm workers and sailors. This announcement placed his Government on the horns of a dilemma. Why not, therefore, make the Royal Commission on Agriculture the scapegoat?

But the reshuffling of the cards was quickly detected. The Labour representatives declared that the battle had already been fought on the Industrial Council and that they had no intention of wasting any more powder and shot upon it. The whole Commission—the farmers and all, to their honour—supported the Labour representatives in the decision “to discuss the hours of employment only in relation to the cost of production.”

The next trouble arose over the interpretation of the terms of reference. The Commission of twenty-three members, with one dissentient, resolved that it was impossible “to inquire into the economic prospects of agriculture” without investigating security of tenure, and Sir Arthur Griffiths Boscawen in the end week of July was informed of this decision. This commonsense interpretation of the terms of reference seems to have given the Government a fright. They saw in it the Red Flag of Land Nationalisation hoisted over Queen Anne’s Gate Buildings, and on July 27th Sir Arthur intimated to the Commission that it would be unfair to consider this question without representation from the landowners. The Commission never objected to the presence of landowners, but fully expected them to form a part of the Commission. In the meantime, at the request of the Government, the Commission agreed to issue an Interim Report concentrating upon the vexed question of guaranteed prices, *it being understood by the Government* that the wider and more important issues would be left to the Final Report.

Now every member of the Commission knew perfectly well that it was quite impossible to produce an Interim Report by Michaelmas, the date desired by the Government, and that their Report at this late season of the year could neither affect the speeding of the plough nor stay the hand of the sower for the autumn-sown wheat. Never-

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theless this did not deter one of Lord Lee's subordinates, a civil servant, from making an impudent attack upon the Commission in a Scottish agricultural paper. Unfortunately, not only has the Coalition Party cheapened the House of Commons, but it has also cheapened our incomparable Civil Service by encouraging, or permitting members of that Service to flatter their chiefs or to denounce the Government's political opponents who are members of a Commission in session. If the Government meant the decision of the Commission to affect the autumn sowing it should have appointed the Commission early in the year.

Through the delay caused by the Government's blunders in phrasing the terms of reference, the first sitting of the Commission to take evidence did not take place till August 5th. On August 12th Mr. H. G. Howell, the director of the Agricultural Costings Committee appointed by the Government, presented his first statement. His answers to two questions were illuminating:—

Q.: "Could you give us the actual date when this Costings Committee was formed?"

A.: "Towards the end of last year, I believe."

Q.: "And up to now there is absolutely no information that is of any use to this Commission?"

A.: "That is so."*

And yet the Government expected the Commission to present an Interim Report by Michaelmas based, presumably, on figures presented by its own Costings Committee!

The printed evidence must have made the Prime Minister uneasy at this time. The bonfire was getting out of hand. Instead of smothering it, it might smother him. Evidence given by most of the distinguished witnesses went to show that the extra 1,800,000 acres which came under the plough in war-time were not turned over by harnessing the team of guaranteed prices of wheat and oats to the plough, but by the tractors propelled by compulsory powers. But since the Armistice these powers had languished, and D.O.R.A. was becoming extremely modest. By the way the

* *Minutes of Evidence*, Vol. I. It should be understood that no reflection is cast upon Mr. Howell, who with the scanty data available has done his work well.

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wind was blowing it seemed possible that the majority of the Commission would decide against his policy.

Therefore it would never do to let his own bonfire smoke him out. He must immediately apply the extinguisher which he had applied so successfully to the Anti-Profiteering Committee. So on October 21st he betook himself to the Caxton Hall and, with Lord Lee at his elbow sedulously prompting him, he began to damp down the Commission.

Surrounded by owners of the land on which his bonfire was burning, he apologised to them for the rude things he had said of them in 1913. It is true that we had the game laws still with us as though there had been no war; but to the delight of his audience he applied the whitewash brush to his Limehouse decorations. The patriotism of the landowners (with land selling 50 per cent. above pre-war prices) was only equalled by the patriotism of the farmers (the audience was mostly farmers). As for the labourers, well—he shook his admonitory finger at them. He warned them of the Black Plague (with the betrayal of the Peasants?) and lectured them on “driving too hard a bargain” (too hard a bargain, poor devils, with their average wage at 37s. 6d. a week!). The landowners and farmers cheered vociferously. Then he attempted to perform a conjuring trick with a sovereign. One expected to see golden ears of corn sprouting from it, which would immediately, so he told the farmers, restore the adverse exchange. Simple persons might have been taken in by the sleight-of-hand, which hid the Government's daily misdeeds of borrowing from the international financiers in the City instead of taxing them. Finally, he proceeded to smother the Commission before it had issued its Interim Report by outlining *his* policy (whatever the Commission may or may not do) of guaranteed prices, leaving the figures to be filled in.

In spite of Lord Lee's pertinacious blandishments, Labour refused to join in the vote of thanks. It was getting tired of conjuring tricks.

The Commission issued its Interim Report on December 10th, and, as everybody knows, twelve members out of twenty-three, despite the unsatisfactory costings accounts presented by farmers, reported in favour of 68s. per quarter

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for wheat, 59s. for barley, and 46s. for oats, calculated on a sliding scale based on the average bare costs of cereal production, with the advantage of an open market. The Minority declared in favour of giving the British farmer prices for cereals at which they were imported by the Government.

At the beginning of the new year came the real dramatic climax. The Commission determined to proceed with the more serious investigation into "the economic prospects of agriculture," for guaranteed prices were regarded both by farmers and workers as a temporary device; and its Evidence Sub-Committee outlined a series of subjects for discussion, such as transport, drainage, and giving prominence to security of tenure.

But this did not by any means please the Government. The chairman, Sir William Peat, and six Commissioners, feeling that they could not give any more of their time, resigned. Thereupon Lord Lee seized the opportunity to write to Sir William Peat to say that he considered that security of tenure came outside the terms of reference, that the other subjects had been covered by Lord Selborne's 1916 Committee, and that the Prime Minister was about to ask the King to close the Commission.

In reply, the sixteen members, who, having put their hand to the plough, refused to take it away, pointed out with unanimity to Lord Lee that at the very start the Commission, with only one dissentient, had decided on investigating security of tenure, and that Sir Arthur Boscawen had admitted that evidence on this subject could not be excluded; and moreover the Commission had intimated that it was prepared to receive additional members who were landowners. Rather caustically, the sixteen members averred "it appeared, however, from the letter under consideration, that the policy of guarantees was the only topic upon which the Government desired a Report."

One cannot blame the seven very much occupied farmers and men of affairs for resigning after six months' work, for to sit on a Royal Commission means a real financial deprivation to most of its members. Besides, some of them may have bought farms and become weary in well-doing. But what are we to say of a Government which has so little regard for the permanent prosperity of agriculture that

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at a time when half the farms in many countries are being sold over the heads of the tenant-farmers, refused to permit an investigation into security of tenure, and denied the right of a Commission to issue a Final Report, even within a definite limit of time?

It is a lamentable stroke of dictatorial folly, for, after the dangerous rocks of guaranteed prices had been passed, the farmers and labourers' representatives were drawing closer together and, had the Commission proceeded, we should have had a most valuable policy outlined for the reconstruction of British agriculture.

The Labour members have not forgotten that the labourer is still denied the cottage-right pleaded for by Arch before the Royal Commission on Agriculture in 1881, and that he is still subject to a search without a warrant under the iniquitous Game Law of 1862. The tenant-farmers, on their part, driven from their homesteads by new owners or by high competitive rents, are resentful at their high hopes being thwarted by political manœuvres.

With the wheat crops of 1920 and 1921 guaranteed at 95s. and 100s. per quarter, it would obviously not do for the Government to give security of tenure. Landowners might be prevented from reaping their golden harvest.

Mr. Lloyd George has not succeeded in completely putting out his bonfire this time. From its ashes Scotch farmers have plucked brands which will set the heather of North Britain alight; and into the fastnesses of Wales has returned a fiery Welsh farmer, fleet of foot, who will carry his lighted torch on to the Prime Minister's own native heath.

Our Anatolian Policy and the Suppressed Report

By E. N. Bennett

By the time these lines appear in print the Peace Terms for Turkey may, after a deplorable delay, have been at last definitely presented. If existing indications as to the nature of these terms can be relied on, the Turkish settlement will embody many of the evil features which at Versailles characterised the worst Treaty in the world's history.

One can venture to prophesy that the future voice of impartial history will condemn the present Treaty-makers of Europe not only for their greed, violence, and bad faith, but even more for their gross inefficiency. Never before were the destinies of so many millions of mankind entrusted to individuals so badly equipped for their task as the so-called "Big Three." Clemenceau, the only cultured personality of the trio, subordinated all other impulses to the worst influences of that French chauvinism of which its dupe, President Wilson, now, peevishly complains. Lloyd George and Wilson, untravelled, with no knowledge of French or any other European language, amazingly ignorant of the social condition and even the geography of the Continent—men with this mental equipment, their minds set primarily on crude vengeance, empty phrases, or electioneering trickery—undertook to determine the social, economic, and political future of nations and races almost as unknown to them personally as the Samoyedes or Senussi. The result is that within a few months of the Peace Treaty one provision after another has been found unworkable, and the latest act of the Supreme Council has been to publish a Declaration which stultifies much of its own handiwork.

Now comes the turn of Turkey. No sooner had the Armistice been signed than all claims to "self-determination" were contemptuously set aside. Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and, apparently, Cilicia have been for all practical purposes annexed to France or Great Britain without even a pretence of consulting the inhabitants; even the "rich and renowned lands of Thrace" have, it seems, been promised to the Greeks. Millions of human beings are being transferred from one sovereignty to another like so many cattle without any voice in the matter. Self-determination was found—so our legislators were told—to be "undesirable" or "impracticable" in these vast areas of

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the Ottoman Empire; undesirable they doubtless were from the Imperialist or Capitalist point of view, for the simple reason that no *plébiscite* in either Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Cilicia, or Thrace would ever pronounce in favour of British, French, or Greek control. In fulfilment of a secret pledge, a crazy suggestion of a Jewish government for Palestine has been put forward, despite the fact that the Jews form only a small minority of the population and that the prospect of their rule is singularly distasteful to the great bulk of the inhabitants.. Attacks have indeed already been made on Jewish settlements in Galilee by the incensed Arabs, who now demand the fulfilment of another reckless pledge which had assigned them territories since occupied by the very Powers that gave the pledge!

Great Britain, which fought—so the Premier declared, “as the Lord liveth”—not to secure a yard of Germany’s colonies or other people’s territories, has made herself master of the Palestinian coast lands and the immense regions of Mesopotamia. France, therefore, in order to secure adequate compensation, occupied Cilicia. For this purpose she has employed, amongst other troops, an Armenian brigade, officered by Frenchmen. The Turks maintain that these Armenian regiments—composed of Ottoman subjects—committed murderous outrages on the Marash Moslems, who in January rose against their assailants and, with the help of Mustapha Kemal’s Irregulars, drove them out. On the evening of February 10th the final withdrawal of the Franco-Armenian troops began under General Querette. The retreating column was hampered—a frequent feature in Nearer Eastern warfare—by a crowd of Armenian civilian refugees—the very people who a few weeks before had loudly cheered the advent of the invaders—and the difficulties of the situation were increased by a blizzard of appalling severity. Lord Curzon’s estimate of the losses incurred during the retreat—15-20,000—is not borne out by the testimony of an American eye-witness, who on March 4th states that 1,000 refugees perished on this occasion; the French military losses were officially given as 800.*

* The Porte has begged the American Government to send a Commission to Cilicia to investigate the facts. This request has been ignored. A recent official Turkish Report declares that of the 20,000 Armenians in the Marash district, more than one-half accompanied the French forces on their retreat or subsequently left the town for Zeitoun and other centres.

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The filibustering expedition against Cilicia was bad enough, but perhaps the worst example of the spirit which seems to inspire the Supreme Council, and more especially our own Government, in its treatment of the Turkish people is furnished by the Smyrna incidents.

President Wilson's twelfth point secures the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire "the full assurance of their existing sovereignty and security," and this guarantee has been endorsed by Mr. Lloyd George. Nevertheless, in May last allied warships appeared before Smyrna and Greek troops were landed. This forcible occupation of the Turkish port was, as will be seen below, absolutely opposed to the terms of the Armistice. It was immediately followed by a series of brutal outrages on the small Turkish garrison, 300 strong, who offered no armed resistance to the invaders, and on the Moslem civilians. Not content with the boundaries assigned by the Supreme Council to this occupation, the Greeks proceeded to advance into the Smyrna *hinterland*, and their inroads were accompanied at Menemen and elsewhere by robbery, outrage, and murder on a large scale. These deplorable excesses have been admitted in the House of Commons, but nothing was immediately done to keep the Greeks within limits. Under pressure, however, the Allies consented to the appointment of a Commission consisting of four senior officers, Admiral Bristol (U.S.A.), General Hare (Great Britain), General Bunoust (France), and General Dall'olio (Italy).

The report of this Commission appeared as long ago as last October, but its publication has been steadily refused by the British Government on the ground that it would make a settlement more difficult. In other words, the Government is actually afraid to publish the report of the Allies' own Commissioners. The House of Commons will soon be called upon to ratify the Turkish Treaty: yet its members, whose abject servility recalls that of a Roman Senate under the Emperors, accept, with scarcely a single protest from the Liberal or Labour benches, a blank refusal to furnish the House with a report which might influence its judgment against the Government! But in this case Mr. Bonar Law's sententious parade of secret diplomacy is simply meaningless. The Report in question has already been published on the Continent, at Constantinople

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last autumn and in Paris this year. The *Muslim Outlook* has printed a translation for its readers in this country, and anyone who really wishes to read the Report can do so.

Well may those members of the Entente Governments who, in defiance of their pledges and all the laws of international justice, are bent on the virtual destruction of the Turkish nation oppose the publication of this striking report. Never was a more damning *exposé* furnished of Allied incompetence on the one hand and Greek chauvinism and brutality on the other.

Here are a few paragraphs from the Report :—

1. "The inquiry has proved that since the Armistice the general situation of the Christians in the vilayet of Aidin has been satisfactory. Their safety has not been menaced. If the order for the occupation of Smyrna was given by the Peace Conference in consequence of inaccurate information, the chief responsibility for what took place lies with the individuals or Governments which established or transmitted, without verifying it, information of this character, such as is referred to above."

In other words, the Commissioners imply that false information was furnished to the Supreme Council with reference to an alleged insecurity of the Christian population in Smyrna. History repeats itself in these matters, and "mendax Græcia" was quite ready to act on the precedents of the "Girls in the Gold-Reefed City" cry and the "massacred Legations" at Peking. The reason for this false information was that, according to Section 7 of the Armistice, the Allies possessed the right of occupying any strategic point "in case a situation arises in which the security of the Allies is menaced." Some day, perhaps, we shall learn the details of the concocted story which formed the pretext for the seizure of the great Turkish harbour of Smyrna.

Hellenic troops were landed and, says the Report, "their occupation, far from appearing as a mission of civilisation, immediately assumed the aspect of a conquest and a crusade." The responsibility for the outrages and murders in the town and environs of Smyrna on May 15-16 and following days "lies with the Greek military High Command as well as with certain officers who failed in their duty."

Section 4 of the Report states categorically that the

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Greeks did not keep within the limits prescribed by the Supreme Council, but, without even consulting the Entente representative, the High Command dispatched troops as far as Aidin, Magnesia, Cassaba, quite beyond the boundaries of the Sandjak of Smyrna. The Hellenic Government is "therefore responsible for the grave troubles which stained with blood the interior zone of the country during the advance of the Greek troops." For the further massacre of Moslems at Menemen "the Greeks are wholly responsible, the Greek officers present having entirely failed in their duty."

Among the conclusions presented by the Commission are the following :—

1. "The situation created at Smyrna and in the vilayet of Aidin by the Greek occupation is a false one, because the occupation which in theory aimed only at the maintenance of order presents in reality all the forms of annexation."

2. "Such an annexation would be contrary to the principle which proclaims respect for nationalities, because in the occupied region, with the exception of the town of Smyrna* itself and Aivali, the predominance of the Turkish element over the Greek element is indisputable. It is the duty of the Committee of Inquiry to state that the Turkish national sentiment, which has already manifested its resistance, will not accept this annexation. It will yield only to force, that is to say, in face of a military expedition which Greece alone could not conduct with any chance of success."

3. "Under these conditions the Committee proposes that as soon as possible all or a part of the Greek troops should be replaced by a much less numerous body of Allied troops."

Apart from religious bigotry, faked atrocity films, and reckless newspaper propaganda, other influences may succeed in driving our debt-burdened, war-weary nation into fresh campaigns and heavy expenditure. On the one hand, we have the concession-hunters, who, regardless of the obvious fact that for the nation, apart from individuals, the game can never be worth the candle, fix their eyes

* There are more Christians in Smyrna than Moslems, but not more Greek Christians. The non-Hellenic Christians and Jews are certainly not enamoured of the prospect of a Greek control of Smyrna.

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steadily on Anatolian resources, cotton, corn, minerals, railways, oil-wells. On the other side we have the still more sinister influence of our modern Imperialists. Their gaze is fastened on India and the "strategic points" which stretch across from the Mediterranean to the Himalayas. Will common sense—if no loftier ideals can be invoked—never prevail against the ruinous designs of Mr. Churchill and his friends in the Cabinet?

If not, what of the future? Will the Turk calmly submit to see the population of his Empire reduced from thirty to six millions and his home-lands overrun by Greeks or administered by a veiled Protectorate of Italians—the two nations for whose military prowess he has a justifiable contempt? The best troops in the Sultan's army are recruited from the peasants of Anatolia. Despite the poverty of their country and the blockade, they were able at the Dardanelles to inflict on the British Army the most serious defeat in its history, and at Kut to establish a numerical record in the surrender of a British force. I was with them at Tchataldja in 1912 and saw how amid the gloom of military disaster and the nerve-shaking horrors of cholera, the Sultan's troops rallied, drove back the conquering Bulgarians, and regained both Thrace and Adrianople. If, in the face of all warnings and all pledges, we are bent on a reckless dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, it will take more than 100,000 men to carry out, even as a temporary measure, this mad policy. The Moslem world is stirred to its depths, and if the Turks, in the frenzy of despair, resolve to rise *en masse* in defence of their country, what will be the fate of the Greeks and Armenians who at present dwell peaceably in the midst of the Moslem population? Surely in Cilicia the Allied Powers may well find their writing on the wall. Despite the intense bitterness of the Turkish race against the threatened partition of their territories, there were no massacres at Marash or elsewhere in Cilicia until the filibustering invasion of the Franco-Armenian troops. It may well be that the Christians of Anatolia, apart from their political propagandists, will have bitter cause to exclaim, "Save us from our friends!" If the Turkish Empire goes down in blood and ruin there will be few Christians left to protect.

The Africanisation of Europe

By Austin Harrison

A YEAR and a half after peace Europe lies in the death-grip of famine, revolution, war, and strangulation. The veriest tyro must perforce wonder at the nature of this peace. The most incorrigible optimist must needs look into the immediate future with doubt and anxiety. Yet this Europe in chaos is no matter of surprise. It is the logical issue of the work done and left undone at Paris. To all cognisant of the facts and able to form a dispassionate opinion, this Europe of war, revolution, bankruptcy, and starvation is the natural effect of cause, the inevitable sequel to a peace which in reality implied war; which, cutting at the arteries of economics, regrouped Europe on a basis of force in a way economically without precedent in history. And as we visualise this Europe of shame and agony we are brought up sharply before the tremendous truth and purpose of life. The position is stagnation. If not speedily alleviated, it will eventually sap the foundations of civilisation.

The German military revolution is but a symptom of the general sickness. No man should be surprised. We have made war on her ever since she laid down her arms in the autumn of 1918. First we blockaded her for a year, having previously taken away her guns and means of resistance, and when half a million of women, children, and old folk had died as the result of this cold-blooded blockade, which will be condemned in every history book for a thousand years, we proceeded to ask for her Generals and war leaders, as if to rub her nose in the mud. Unable to trade, with no credit to purchase raw materials, and so unable to recover or even begin reconstruction, the Germans have become desperate. In a land of empty stomachs no Government has authority. The military *coup d'état* of Dr. Kapp was

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the result. It inevitably failed. The danger is that one slip may lead to another and so into the slough of anarchy. For Noske has been upholding government on machine-guns. He cannot do so much longer unless Germany can be freed from the condition of a vassal, semi-starving country, facing serfdom or Bolshevism. There are limits to human endurance. We stand here on our world points of safety. If, when order is again restored, Germany is accorded no economic opportunities to revive and get back to work, and France still insists upon strangling her trade and credit, like Shylock holding to his bond, her breakdown sooner or later is inevitable, and she will join the great anarchist communism of Russia. The task of the Allies will then be one of quite extraordinary difficulty. Probably this crisis will be surmounted. But if we continue to strangle Germany, the slip from Kapp to Bolo is merely a matter of time, and when that landslide takes place, then the beginning of the end will be in sight.

We have experienced the fruits of interference in the case of Russia. To interfere in a Bolshevik Germany would have precisely similar results. Yet such is the blindness of those who direct our affairs that at once posters appeared in the streets: "Foch goes to Mayence." Just as we used to say about Koltchak, Yudenitch, and Denikin. Jollification. Another war, Hurrah! Nothing about Haig, Wilson, Lloyd George, or Churchill. Now why does anonymous journalism at once shriek: "Foch to the rescue"? Does Marshal Foch direct this country's affairs? Have we no independence, no King, no responsibility to country? America, on the contrary, immediately let it be known that American troops would only move under American orders. If only the Press could report: "Mr. Lloyd George consults with his bankers," or "Mr. Balfour was observed in thought"—how freely men would breathe again! It would be so much more dignified, so infinitely more intelligent. But the censorship seems to have felled Fleet Street, which, as Mr. Kennedy Jones says in his book, is out of touch with the public. The war mind still dominates, and when anything goes wrong, the cry is "Tanks and bombs." Statesmanship has abdicated. Ferocious editors still regard Europe as a battle-field under

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the single command. Sheer Prussianism rules. The peace of force is a peace of continuous war.

Take Austria. Here we find a ridiculous situation which surely is unique. Having carved up Austria and reduced her to a non-economic unit of starving people, we raise huge funds to keep those unfortunate people alive. The condition of Austria is a shame to every Church in the Kingdom. Why do we do this? We have no quarrel with the Austrians, who are an easy-going, victimised people at the present moment literally kept by British and American charity. It is rotten economics. It is a barbaric policy. What purpose can this policy serve? The thing, humanly, is evil, as economically it is grotesque. Nor can the situation improve until the conditions which are the cause of this abomination are removed. Do we intend to go on feeding Austria indefinitely for the pleasure of being able to say "See, we defeated you"? If so, it will prove a costly luxury. Yet if we don't feed the Austrians, they will certainly die by the million, and, if so, will history "try" their Generals or our politicians? It is a question that concerns our pockets as well as our honour.

The cynical disregard for our vows of war and protestations of peace are comically exposed in the territorial terms imposed on Bulgaria and Hungary, who are treated in Napoleon's best manner. Thrace goes to Greece, the Dobrukscha to Rumania, in flagrant defiance of the reason that men died for and all right, historical or ethnographical. Hungary is to be castrated. The fine-spirited Magyars, with whom we have no issue and who are particularly fond of English people (as I have had experience of again and again), are to be truncated and in a great part placed under the heel of Rumania, who has also cajoled the Council into "presenting" her with Bessarabian Russia. The position is fantastic. So President Wilson's ideals evaporate into partitions far more cynical and far less justified than the Polish partitions of newspaper crocodile tears. The whole rearrangement is strategic, to suit the book of militarist France, who seeks a great fighting Poland and a fighting Rumania as first "security" in the next war. When we turn to Russia the imagination reels. Russia, who lost

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more men killed in saving us in the first two years of war than Britain and France together, is treated as the villain of the war, more despoiled even than Germany. And when this second Tilsit act of robbery and violence is done and the map of Europe has been cut into the requisite slices, like a wedding-cake at a feast, we console our tax-ridden people at home with the illusion that "now we shan't be long," now peace is satisfactorily settled. And as if Government was *de facto* a branch of Charlie Chaplin's faculty, we talk of "normal" expenditure; we "demob." A "normal" expenditure with all Europe lacerated and lassoed into a Balkanised cauldron of hatreds, wrongs, and annexations! With Lenin and Denikin gazing with a single national hate at the new map of Russia—their Russia handed over to half-a-dozen little Peoples who could not maintain their independences for a day without our armed support: who have no credit, whose currency soars into the relativities: who are actually compelled to keep up big armies while we, their support, the sole prop, the stay and hope of their several liberations, as they are amusingly styled, disarm, talk about "normal years," and seem to think we have saved Christianity if we drive the Turk out of Constantinople.

"Suffer the little children," said the Saviour; so Turkey, too, is to be evangelically carved up. Greece sails into Smyrna; we occupy Constantinople, and the Arabs, who were promised independence as their reward for military assistance, now find themselves equally duped over Syria, which is to go to France, and Mesopotamia, which is to be our portion of the "spoils," plus an absurd Jewish creation as unreal as the "Kingdom come" of Sancho Panza. To this var-created Europe we must add Egypt, who has proclaimed independence; Ireland, who has proclaimed a Republic; India, who herself is "proclaimed"; and America, who also proclaims independence by refusing to be bound by either Treaty or Covenant. There never was anything quite so "bedevilled" as the Europe of the three men who could not agree about anything except their own opinions. There never was anything to compare with the economic crisis now threatening to convulse their handiwork. Most certainly nothing in history will equal the stupendous crash of this utterly arti-

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ficial structure unless very speedily a re-beginning is made on foundations of political and economic security.

In this chaos of insolvency and political negativism, Germany, as the centre, is and must be the fulcrum—of order or disorder. If, reduced to despair, deprived of prospects, incentive, and national right, she lets go the tiller of government, anarchy will overwhelm Europe, sweeping to the Rhine, in time penetrating to the coast, engulfing all Europe in the vortex of devastation. A spark might set the magazine of despair on fire, some such spark as a Polish attack on Russia at the bidding of irresponsible militarism. Quite the drollest thing in the Treaty is this Poland, verily like the fable of the frog and the bull, claiming the boundaries of 1772—Poland, whose mark is quoted at a farthing, who is ravaged by disease, who cannot budget, buy, or sell except on our credit, who is yet compelled to keep up a great conscriptionist army, drilled and reorganised by French officers, while here we—the *only solvent nation in belligerent Europe*—admit that if we cannot curtail our expenditure we shall enter the paradisaical nothingness of Trotzky's Kremlin. But even this is only part of the show. Parisian concession-hunters are casting covetous eyes on Spanish Morocco, hinting that Spain is not building railways fast enough—France herself, who cannot budget, whose finances are desperate, who, but for our credit position and support, would find her franc rivalling the Italian lira or the Czecho-Slovak currency. On all sides—war: physical or economic. One quarter of Europe is arranging itself to throttle and sit on three quarters of the rest, supported by a victimised cordon of semi-starving, non-economic units all thirsting for more territory and more credit, all quarrelling and blockading one another with tariff barriers, red-tape, and Balkanised policies of strangulation, and half of them engaged in selling their natural wealth to the financiers of their control. For that is the central fact. *Europe is being Africanised.* Europe is being bought up—towns, streets, mines, forestry, shipping, etc., etc.—by concession-hunters and financiers trading on a fictitious exchange rate, and will shortly be owned by Anglo-French-American merchant princes in the name of "liberty," or perhaps of democracy. One man

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told me he had bought seventy-two streets in Munich. Another told me he had bought up the rich lumber of Esthonia. Another boasted he had syndicalised a quarter of Poland. And so on from Persia to the "ideal home" in the Sahara. For the wealthy speculator, Europe is El Dorado. Nothing so potentially profitable has ever been imagined. Kruger's gold mines, Chinese china, the oil of Persia, the emeralds of Siberia, the corners of Wall Street, nothing has ever equalled the financial potentiality of "darkest Europe," tapped without even the necessity of bribing an Othello or Nubian princeling, explored, expropriated, and indentured without even the risk of a mosquito bite, in the name of liberty and democracy (!)

Meanwhile the human beings in this cave of Aladdin, this fetid, lice-plagued Europe, are on the line of starvation; cannot work, cannot buy or sell. Instead of being Wilsonised, Europe is Africanised. And it was done at Paris. All over Central Europe economic barriers stifle trade, stifle even barter. Thus the Czechs refuse the Austrians coal and "raw," and a fierce economic war is raging, while the financiers buy European towns, and all the little "liberated" peoples prepare to maintain big armies to flout the whole purpose and justification of their liberation. There is Russia to buy, when peace comes. The mind reels with the options obtainable in malachite and rubies when we send the film boys in to picturise "atrocities" in Russia. There is no end to the wealth—unless the strain becomes too severe and in the end we discover that options on human blood are not so profitable as sub-lets of home theatres.

And we may discover that before long, unless we cease making war, unless we allow Europe to work and trade, unless we establish national conditions which offer some hope of peace for at least five years or so, unless we stop regarding Europe as a box of toys for ignorant politicians to play with. On the whole, the chances are that finance will prove thicker than blood and that Lombard Street will prefer the confidence of credit to the new Arabian Nights of the politicians, especially as America does not fancy the favourite and the danger of an anarchic Germany or Pan-

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German communism is not likely to facilitate the financial operations of the "plungers" who hope to "make" through the Africanisation of Europe what a levy threatens to take from them at home. But there is no knowing. The Tank mind knows no obstacles. And the Prime Minister is searching for a Party. Of policy there is none. The same gentlemen who talk of "making Germany pay" actually have to arrange for an international loan to enable her to feed her people, which France promptly blocks. France wants her pound of flesh. The Supreme Council decides one thing, the next day someone somewhere decides the contrary. These supreme worthies decide to leave the Turk in his capital, and at once a sectarian hue and cry is raised to eject the Turk, headed by that life-long pacifist, Lord Bryce, to the annoyance of Paris, which wanted to keep the Persian oil route water-free. And the Supreme Council kowtows at once, supreme only in its incompetence. Even the newspapers cannot follow its fluctuations, gyrations, and genuflexions. A clergyman says he saw a ghost. "O Lord," says the Supreme Council, "let us decide something else." The Northcliffe-Lloyd-George feud is still undecided.

And so, just when we are preparing to pay higher rents, rates, taxes, and a shilling for the loaf, we are threatened with a war (1) against revolutionary Germany, (2) against an Arabian-Islamic-Turkish irredentism, (3) in support of Poland *versus* Russia and Rumania *versus* Russia, (4) against Hungary *versus* Rumania, (5)* against Italy or against Jugo-Slavdom, besides the numerous other little military operations in Persia, India, Egypt, Syria, Ireland,* Baku, Georgia, etc., etc. If the Polish war starts, chaos will be immediate. The prospects are prodigious. Our debt is only £8,000,000,000. Why not add another £1,000,000,000 and have a 2s. loaf? Only one man can be really smiling to-day in Europe, and his name is not Lloyd George. It is Lenin. For we have re-nationalised the Russias. No Russian will ever consent to our mandate over Georgia or Baku, to Bessarabia going to Rumania, to Poland standing on Russian soil, to the excision of the Northern Provinces.

* The obvious course here is to refer Ireland to the League of Nations, thereby establishing both sanction and authority of the League.

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thus bottling Russia up in the Baltic as our possession of Constantinople bottles her up in the south. Lenin and Denikin will "shake" on the issue of nationalist Russia. We have made of Russia a life enemy. We have capitalised Lenin for a bankrupt Poland. Small wonder if a sacred picture somewhere in France has started to "bleed."

The road out of the impasse is narrowing down, and we must either make up our minds to *pay for and fight for this new strategic map of Europe* or watch it adjust itself piece by piece through revolution, war, and bankruptcy. If we have any reason left we shall set about revising the conditions of the document that the Supreme Council itself continuously adjusts and alters, now at the bark of this newspaper, now at the yap of an advertisement, before the process of decay and disruption proceeds too far and the thing dissolves itself in blood and mud at our expense. That it will so dissolve is inevitable. There will never be more than a latent state of peace on the present map. Nor can we afford to pay for more war and more chaos, with our gilt-edged securities, held by the middle-class, falling to limbo, while speculative securities appreciate. That is not a healthy condition. If, then, Mr. Lloyd George wants a safe Party to secure another run of autocracy, he will do well to remember that confidence is the basis of credit, political and economic. He will not save Europe from the crash unless he restores confidence, but to do that he must begin by revising a Treaty which the Supreme Council itself already treats like a "party political programme," and America rejects. And more than that. New and whole work must be done. Neither the Balkanisation nor the Africanisation of Europe will lead to trade, without which nations cannot live, as already they are beginning to understand in Paris.* It is Clemenceau's peace of revenge and death that must go. The whole thing must be scrapped, as the nightmare of an old man who did not understand the economic mechanism of his age, and in its place a Europe of harmony and economic opportunity must be set up. We cannot finance the consequences of M. Clemenceau's nightmare. And this. The new Britain will not fight for it.

* They are wisely stopping luxury imports in France now.

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Europe, as constructed at Paris, will collapse unless the laws of supply and demand are re-established, unless the starving Peoples are permitted to work and trade. The problem is not what General moves to Mayence or what denominational Christian flag waves over the Church of Haggia Sofia, or what poet or financier owns what town, port, mine, or railway, but literally how trade is to be reorganised in a Europe painted red, white, and blue to fight and hate. When Lord Bryce shouts like Peter the Hermit against the "infidel," he is not thinking; certainly no League of Nations is going to be erected on a propaganda film or out of stories about Armenian massacres, as any and every British soldier who has been out in those parts is aware. That is the Paris Council way—the way of chaos and perdition, the way of the old men who have ruined and enchaind Europe. The horrible truth is that Europe cannot be regrouped on "spoils." Europe cannot be de-industrialised without desperate harm to the whole, and if, as contemplated, Europe is to be regrouped strategically, then at least it must be intelligently so regrouped, but this is not the case. The Europe of Paris can only stand if America underwrites it. America will not. Militarily, the new Europe is a "dud." And we cannot finance it. Weaken Europe commercially, and we shall at once feel the pinch. That is why the "slump" has begun. It is already in the theatres. To escape general disaster Britain must regain her independence of mind and direction and see Europe as a whole. There is still time. Africanisation must be stopped, the mechanism of confidence restored—which is the basis not only of credit and health and prosperity, but, as every card-sharper knows, even of trickery.

George *versus* St. George

THE Prime Minister has apparently crossed the rubicon and will seek continuity of office by fighting Labour. Such a move was expected. Power such as Mr. Lloyd George has exercised for three years is not lightly discarded. The F.B.I. are behind him. Propped by capital, the Premier seems to think he can form a Centre Party to fight down all opposition, which, of course, will be stigmatised as "Bolshy."

In plain language, Mr. Lloyd George is performing Chamberlain's trick. It is a momentous step. Parliament is discredited. The Press has lost touch with the public. To start a class war at this juncture is all very well in America, where Labour is unorganised and prosperous. It will not meet the exigencies of the times here, and a Centre Party which stands for class feeling will most assuredly get class reaction.

For one thing, the intelligence of the country will oppose a Party established on war or blood profits. Nor is Liberalism dead by any means. It has a big future if gamely and sagaciously led. Nor will a Centre Party satisfy extreme Toryism or individualist Toryism as impersonated by Lord Robert Cecil.

As the champion of capital and war profits, Mr. Lloyd George will become ridiculous—he the man of Limehouse and the chapels. He will not be taken seriously, even by his supporters. He will make politics utterly local just when it is indispensable that policy should be real and economic. For such a policy can only be the continuation of the "trick" election—just that. No doubt he counts upon dividing Labour, but that will only embitter and prolong the contest, which will deteriorate into a senseless fight between the classes.

If Mr. Lloyd George, who actually cannot command a majority for his Coalition, seeks to continue in power by rigging up another, he will challenge the principle—the truth, the spirit and the intelligence of the electorate, and certainly his glove will be picked up by democracy. His provocation must lead to a big political fight of great bitterness and far-reaching results, for the issue and cry will be—George or St. George? And St. George and his women will win.

Outside Literature : a Note on the Late Mr. Garvice

By Thomas Moulton

BELONGING to a generation reared at its maternal knee on the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood—less, one suspects, for infantile edification than for maternal enjoyment—it is difficult for us to sympathise with the critic whose reference to the death recently of a very favourite writer took the form of the query, “Who *was* Charles Garvice?” Such a questioner must either have been an extremely aloof sort of infant or have come to an extraordinarily superior maturity; there is just as little plausibility in his position as if he were to frame a similar inquiry about the *Daily Mirror*. Much more understandable, much more human, is the attitude of Mr. Clement Shorter, whose disavowal that he has ever read a line of Garvice’s fiction does not prevent him from admitting that he was aware of his existence. The present writer lays claim to an advantage over Mr. Shorter by exactly one chapter (perused in the circulating library of a provincial post-office to the accompaniment of giggles and gurgles from the amused young lady assistants behind the counter); and, as the pages of this journal are not necessarily restricted to literature and the consideration of literature, a word concerning the deceased writer and his popularity with the huge mass of folk that neither knows nor cares anything about literature may turn out to be something more than topical. It might easily help toward the correct explanation of a phenomenon which showed itself in our social life long before it materialised in the novels of Mr. Garvice, and which will persist even though they are no longer its manifestation. For it is as an embodiment of what appears to be a social inevitability, and not as an individual, that Mr. Garvice is to be noted. Merely by chance, merely in the fact of its more marketable nature, is

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that embodiment signified by the name of Garvice rather than by that of Rowlands or Corelli or Caine, or—dare we say it?—by the name of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

We shall do well to recall, in the first place, that during the late war the appreciation of the Garvice books was transferred from a large section of the feminine population here at home to a large section of men in the trenches, with whom we are told he was second to none in favour, and equalled only by Nat Gould and Jack London. Even in a normal condition of life the popularity of the last-named of these three favourites would be assured. Men shall always hunger and thirst after adventure in far and savage lands though they prefer, when it comes to the choice, the comfortable security at home of the counter or the counting-house; and Jack London's are the adventure-books *par excellence*. In similar fashion may we account for the vogue of Nat Gould, purveyor of racing fiction, as in other circumstances and by a like grinding-out process he might have purveyed sausages. Men shall always hunger and thirst for a glimpse, even if it be only through Nat Gould's spectacles, into the inner life of the racing stable—so long, at least, as that inner life is strictly prohibited from most people beyond the stable-scavengers and the editor of *John Bull*. But it requires the extraordinarily attenuated state of things depicted by Mr. Philip Gibbs in *Realities of War*, the "uncensored" volume just published by Heinemann, for the average healthy male even to think of turning to the other of our three writers, let alone reading him and asking for more:—

"Exchanging the horrors of the trenches for the Circean delights of Arras, Bethune, and Amiens, they sat in expensive teashops listening to ragtime from untuned pianos, and watching the women who served them. Those girls saw the hunger in these men's eyes, who watched every movement they made, who tried to touch their hands and their frocks in passing. They knew they were desired, as daughters of Eve, by boys who were starved of love."

In other words, Charles Garvice had to wait for our manhood to reach the borderline of a particular form of starvation before he was permitted to administer unto us. Having recalled the occasion of it, we may now dismiss him from the category of writers preferred by men; not

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forgetting, however, the reason why he has had his hour of preferment by men. For it is by considering his position with a certain class of women and girls in the light of such a reason that we shall account not only for himself but for his predecessor, the revered Mrs. Wood, and for his (not quite so innocuous) successor, possibly the revised Mr. Compton Mackenzie—but that is a digression into prophecy quite uncalled for. . . .

There happens to be an enlightening entry for our purpose in the *Journal* of Marie Bashkirtseff, that ill-fated woman whom Anatole France has phrased as "the child without a childhood," because her analysis of human desires is that of one grown intolerably heavy with them by the twenty-fourth and final year of her life. She suddenly asks herself what sort of thing an immortal soul can be since it must retire before an indigestion caused by eating lobster. She does not believe it possible that a stomach-ache can put the celestial Psyche to flight; therefore, there can be no celestial Psyche, there can be no immortal soul. We have already seen how, to men whose totality of everyday existence has become a terrible miasma, there can be little for the imagination to do but re-shape in their minds the fact of womanhood, of home life, of social security and the amenities. Economic conditions in our time, and of a long time, have intensified that type of womanhood; elderly as well as young, which one might call the servitor class, to whom are denied, not those things which were denied to our manhood during the war, but the starved mind's idealisations of them—home life and security and the amenities being, as it were, so many pieces of ornament, costly beyond their reach, of furniture in upholstered perfection. Imagination cannot be lent to those who do not possess it, and just as the before-mentioned class of womanhood turns to the daily illustrated papers to picture what cannot be pictured in its own mind, so it has turned to Charles Garvice for the removal of a vacuum created by imaginative lack. Such a writer as Garvice does not awaken the imagination; he sentimentalises and glorifies the facts of commonplace existence. Marie Bashkirtseff prayed to God every morning and evening for a duke as a husband, a beautiful voice, and her mother's recovery. Every woman, in her attenuated moments, is a Marie Bashkirtseff; every woman

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desires her aristocrat, a beautiful voice, and the commonplace rest of it; and, humanly enough, only as an afterthought and through dire necessity does she pray for some sort of betterment in her actual possessions. Which explains why, after her period of prayerfulness, every such woman is content to fall in love, if not with the local schoolmaster, like the dying girl in Hauptmann's *Hannele*, with the milkman or, at best, with a clerk who has manicured fingers.

It is not pessimism which forces us to the conclusion that the phenomenon of such a need and of its satisfaction will always be a part of civilised existence; just as to deny that John Keats will some day be appreciated by the kind of person who now makes an orgy of the latest libel or divorce scandal is not pessimism; it is relief. All our lives are attenuated in some way or another, spiritually if not physically. Yea, even physically, for the last day there will be some pillar-box shaped and sized gentleman sighing for the physique of a lamp-post woman, and the other way round also. The only question is whether or not the Garvice-like methods of supply for the requirements of an unimaginative society are, when all is said, quite so innocuous as so many folk appear to believe. They may well be, as long as those who supply them remain unsophisticated. Charles Garvice was never sophisticated. Let that be his epitaph, for in it lies the explanation of the gulf that separated him from his hundreds of imitators. And, after all, does he not represent a good step upward from the depths of illiteracy to which the Education Act of 1870 took so many of us; and surely if at the present moment of grace it is estimated that one individual in every thousand of Great Britain's population is sufficiently serious a reader to be no longer classed among the vast multitudes altogether *outside* literature, it will not be the labours of Charles Garvice and his kind that will hinder the majority in each thousand from being reduced in another fifty years to nine hundred and ninety-eight?

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN CREEDS: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING. By EDWARD CARPENTER. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

AT this hour of ghost-seeing and psychic animation, clear thought will no doubt be to most people what water is to-day to an American. Yet the "pull" on civilisation is unmistakable. Despite the frantic efforts of politicians and Press to paint the world as it was, to stem thought and retard progress, progress there is; in some cases we may even talk of illumination. And so we move forward. To all who love beauty of language, ennobling thought, true history, learning and humanity, Edward Carpenter's new work will appeal irresistibly. The theme is the continuity of religious idea, the historicity of Jesus, the origins of the rites, ceremonies, rituals, and philosophies of Christianity. To students, of course, there is no discovery in Carpenter's theme. The astonishing similarity of the Jesus story with that of all pagan Gods has long been known, and Reinach and many other scholars have revealed the origins of so-called "revealed" religion and re-pieced together their derivation from the Sun God of old time. Few men write English more beautifully than Edward Carpenter, whose limpid, pure expression flows, as good manners spring from the heart, from clarity of mind. He tells a fascinating story. Wonderfully simple, woven with the poetry of man's long calvary from the golden age of animism to the second stage of self-consciousness in which the predominant idea was fear. Religion sprang up largely as the product of fear—Reinach even defines religion as a system of taboos. Nor can there be much doubt that Christianity derived from gnostic paganism, in which creed already nearly all the cardinal beliefs of Christianity figured, from the virgin birth of the Saviour to the resurrection and all forms of sacrifice and Eucharistic meals. The great work of Christianity was the elimination of sex incontinence. Christianity undoubtedly cleansed men's souls and destroyed pagan animism; but in the process it lost its own soul, as we see to-day in a Church organisation spiritually bankrupt, meaning little more than a hypocritical attachment to dogma. This book is particularly interesting and inspiring at this fighting epoch when once more we are moving forward perhaps into the third stage—the religion of universality. For certain it is that Christianity to-day has no moral power left. It has outlived its utility. It is the appanage of Courts and capital. We stand before the common life, before the era of co-operation, before that freedom of mind which, like art, finds itself in its own creation—man and the universe.

"G. H. Q." (MONTREUIL-SUR-MER). By "G. S. O." Philip Allan and Co. 20s. net.

AMONGST the unnumbered crowd of memoirs, dealing with this or that phase of the world-war, now issuing from an over-driven Press,

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there emerges once in a while some volume with a special claim upon popular attention. In this company, and by no means to be overlooked, is the fat, genial, khaki-wrapped book in which "G. S. O." has recorded his notes of life at the General Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force. Many of those who read it will remember wistfully a pre-war Montreuil (sur-Mer, of course, has long been a geographical inexactitude), an enchanted town, sleeping like the fairy-tale princess within its grass-grown walls. Dare one allude to Field-Marshal Earl Haig as a fairy prince? Certainly, he and his gallant followers very effectually banished somnolence from Montreuil. It is a record of grinding, hard work that "G. S. O." has to give. Possibly he writes with an amused eye upon certain critics and amateur humorists. He repeats, for example, the antique legend of the German reason for not bombarding our headquarters—a jest that considerably lost point after the determined and vicious raids upon Montreuil in early 1918. You hear of this, and of much else, in these vivacious pages. Certainly, whoever hides himself behind the initials "G. S. O." has provided a picture of one unique aspect of the war that is both entertaining now, and likely to be of increasing value as history hereafter. A. E.

THE UNDERWOOD TRAVEL TOURS. Underwood and Underwood, 104 High Holborn, W.C.

PERHAPS only by a slight latitude can this ingenious system of instruction through a combination of vision and the printed word be included under literature; it is, however, both so clever in itself, and so striking in its results, as to deserve attention on this page. Most of us recall, perhaps with mixed emotions, the antique stereoscopes of the Victorian era. Specimens survive to this day in the cupboards of old-fashioned drawing-rooms for the wonder (or boredom) of youthful visitors. It was left, however, for Messrs. Underwood to rescue this derelict, and turn it to an instrument of instruction and amusement—a sinister phrase for once precisely deserved. They have achieved this by a recognition of the fact that "views," to be of either use or pleasure, must be understood in some geographical sequence and relation. They have therefore arranged certain series of stereoscopic slides, each series dealing with one special district, enclosed in a book-shaped portfolio, and accompanied by a small volume, giving not only a full explanation of every slide, but, by means of maps marked with direction indicators, making absolutely clear the exact position of each in relation to the others. The effect of this apparently simple device is nothing less than amazing. Instead of the old heterogeneous mass of photographs, ranging from Waterloo Bridge to the Vatican, and supplemented, if at all, by a haphazard explanation ("our hotel was somewhere round that corner"), such as makes their confusion worse confounded, you have now for the first time pictures that do, to a quite astonishing degree, convey the effect of actual presence. They produce, that is, what no other illustrations have ever been able to give, that indescribable sense of readjustment, of imagination melting into experience, hitherto the reward only of personal travel. I have said enough, perhaps, to

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make it clear that, for the general entertainment-seeker, for educationists of the modern type, and, most of all perhaps, for all wishing to give pleasure to invalid or bed-ridden friends, these tours are at least well worth investigation. A. E.

FICTION.

VALMOUTH. By RONALD FIRBANK. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

LONG ago I remember writing about some unimportant novel of the time that it was "one of those very English stories that no respectable Frenchwomen are allowed to read." But that must have been somewhere in the (as we thought then) naughty 'nineties, an age at which Mr. Ronald Firbank had perhaps hardly entered—much less quitted—the nursery. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether he is fully quit of it even now. Valmouth is certainly the youngest, in the sense of most schoolboyish, product of modern fiction. If, after one careful reading, I had any notion what it was about, I would gladly tell you; as things are, this pleasure is beyond me. Mr. Firbank, trailing clouds of glory, has clearly attempted the child's first aim—to shock. The trouble is that he is throughout so impishly obscure that it is odds that his intended victims may read in the tale nothing but a rather bewildering picture of country-town life, and so lay the book aside with all its promising pornography born to blush unseen. It is all mildly entertaining, partly because, like a far greater work, "it fills you with ideas, only you don't quite know what they are." The obvious answer in the present instance is that this is probably just as well. A. E.

MY NEIGHBOURS. By CARADOC EVANS. Melrose. 6s. net.

MR. CARADOC EVANS has evolved a new style which is unquestionably literature. Skilfully blending the Welsh idiom with the King's English, he has utilised the Biblical vernacular of his countrymen to compound a new grammar and a new expression, which comes off owing to its remarkable vitality and sustained execution. And with this he has a definite message, which may be described as the exposure of hypocrisy. This volume is more mature than the first two books of stories, brilliantly alive, at once macabre and facetious. A strange humour plays like lightning about the pages. He is "on" real life; and his method is as remorseless as Maupassant. The result is a wonderful medley of tales which haunt the mind, yet always mirthfully so; and always one realises that only a Welshman could so analyse his fellows and remain buoyantly hopeful. Mr. Evans is a real satirist, and can play with tragedy and comedy at will. He gives us the full essence. Now one screams; then the reader is pulled up before this scintillating comedy of man as he is, of life as it is, in the language as it is spoke in the land where every tenth man is said to be an orator. Quite an astonishing book is this, like a cold douche after a hot bath.

BOOKS

LIMBO. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

IN *Limbo* a new writer has appeared, most certainly a man to watch. The Varsity still lies right across the pages of these stories—patent-leather erudition, that is; but there is more than this in Mr. Aldous Huxley, who is a poet as well as a sociologist. He has perceptions. He is a reformer. He is an artist. And he is young. The war has not killed this one. It has made a fighting writer who, if still lacking in charm and inclined to be "clever," has a message, and probably will blossom out in various directions yet before he finds his true expression. In this volume he plays curiously and effectively on man's dual personality. The book strikes a distinctive note. Mr. Huxley is the new European. Like all these young war writers, he has no illusions. Will they create? This writer at least opens with definite promise.

THE HOUSE OF BALTAZAR. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. John Lane. 7s. net.

MR. LOCKE postulates a good deal in order to arrive at his first big scene, but the reader is rewarded by a real "Druriolanus" set—full depth of the stage-climax and catastrophe! a Zeppelin bomb and a life's work in ruins. But his phoenix of a hero, Baltazar père, rises from his ashes renewed, finding himself, his lost love, and his unsuspected son, in the throes of a world-war, builds better than ever, and goes on to the second big situation, at Waterloo Station, where he is confronted with a sudden choice between his son's honour and his own, and, giving all, gains his great reward. Briefly put in this way, the house of Baltazar is robustious melodrama; but Mr. Locke's readers know that a book by a writer of his fastidiousness could never be this. The big scenes are there, thrown perhaps as a sop to the multitude, and taken in the author's stride; his real purpose has been to present the figure of a man armed at all points against fate and destiny, strong but yet human, and likeable, if not of the stuff of which the lovable are made. The minor characters are effectively done; the Chinese Crichton, who talks Addisonian English, is new and pleasing; the manly son, the frolicsome political beauty, and the sweet woman, who, having lived on her youthful passion for years, finds it hard to accept reality in place of dreams—all are well-drawn figures; even the supers are fully suggested, and the story is told with extraordinary skill and knowledge, transforming a rather sensational pattern, by working it in delicate material, into a pleasant and readable book.

POETRY.

FLEURS-DE-LYS: A BOOK OF FRENCH POETRY. Freely translated into English verse by Wilfrid Thorley. Heinemann. 6s. net.

It is a pleasure to find that Mr. Thorley's painstaking and tireless research into French poetry has at last resulted in the rich reward of this beautiful volume. It is many years since his translations began to appear in periodicals, and now that they are re-published in collected form we can better realise how consistently successful

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he has been, not in strict transcription, but in re-creating and bringing to his original as much as he has taken from it. Mr. Thorley possesses the historical sense; with it he has avoided many of the pitfalls. In a volume ranging from the anonymous poets of the twelfth century to the present day, his successes are extraordinarily diverse. He is thoroughly at home with a Renaissance poet like Ronsard—his version of "Quand vous serez bien vieille" is exquisite—but this does not prevent him from achieving success with Baudelaire and Paul Fort. The volume should become a favourite with those who read translated poetry for pleasure, needing the assurance that it is rendered into English by one who is a poet himself, and yet who has approached his task with the reverence so many poet-translators appear to lack.

T. M.

SOCIAL AND WAR.

FLEET STREET AND DOWNING STREET. By KENNEDY JONES. Hutchinson and Co. 15s. net.

To Fleet Street, a book by "K. J.," as the author is popularly known, promised a sensation, but the meteor of the new journalism is clearly in no mood to take risks. He is seer, mellow, fatherly, almost dull, ending on a note of pessimism and doubt. In short, the man who killed the leading article has written a leading article of a book, asking how it is that the Press has lost its power, and why! "K. J." is astonishingly ingenuous. Commercialism killed the moral side of the Press. "I," said the spider, "I killed the fly." And so the founder of the commercial Press, who, with his own eye, cut out opinion and substituted *news*, looks down, as an M.P., upon his structure and questions; for he rightly sees that the Press is out of touch with opinion. Both news and opinion are to-day distrusted; "K. J." is a bit uneasy. As the philosopher, contemplating the modern commercial business of Fleet Street, which he so largely designed and erected, he fails to see that the reason of journalism's depreciated currency lies in the fact of its commercialisation; in its manipulated news appeal, its vulgar sensationalism, its artificiality; and in his own definition of a journalist as an "interpreter"; which is the social evil of the commercial Press. He rules out man, intellect, mind. The journalist must not be a "creator," is his axiom. Acting on it, he built up a wonderful money-making machine, but—lacking in soul. A Frankenstein. Clearly, as a commercial machine, the Press could not claim moral power, and did not, which is the explanation of the public's mistrust of journalism after five years of war propaganda. The machine killed the man, and then the machine became a Trust. It is Fleet Street's difficulty. The change will come through a return to sincerity. If journalism cannot lead or create, then it is commerce; worse, it is slush, because journalism trades in ideas, and to commercialise ideas is degradation. "K. J." refuses the journalist a mind; he is to be a servant of a profit-making machine. But that day is over, as "K. J." sees. Conditions control to-day, and there is a new force—Labour. Men are going once more to be sincere, and Fleet Street

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will have to react sympathetically, or be again revolutionised. This change is beginning now. "K. J." himself just missed greatness through failure to honour man or idea. As he cynically remarks: "War" is the Eldorado of journalism, and so he thinks war will remain with us. He forgets that the public knows what war is. He still banks on news as propaganda. He does not realise that man has again got hold of idea, and through idea may master his machine.

REALITIES OF WAR. By PHILIP GIBBS. Heinemann. 15s. net.

No man should miss this book on the war, written by one who saw it in all its forms and stages from the beginning to the end. It is the work of a man who has suffered too much himself as spectator of the world's greatest bloodbath to indulge in the vulgarity of heroics or glorification of war which the author knows to be in modern conditions utterly brutal and senseless; and so the journalist voices the minds of the millions who fought and died for "liberation." Bravely refusing the hood of propaganda, Mr. Philip Gibbs blows away the fog at the "back" and writes of the real thing. He passed through many stages. He saw it all—the routine waste, the pitiless slaughter often merely to provide optimistic copy, the continuous massacres, the appalling incompetence of the direction, and at the close, sickened with the lies and hatreds and senile cruelty of politicians, he asks: What has this world-slaughter achieved? The importance of this book is its veracity. It is by far the most valuable work written in this country on the war, as war, and in its chronicle of national heroism, character and endurance it will have an historic place. What the author depicts is the soldier, whose human qualities he is artist enough to appreciate. There is no nonsense in this volume. Mr. Gibbs is no longer a pressman writing what the public wants; he is his true self stung to reveal the ghastly truth of the war. His book is a terrible indictment. His snapshot studies of Generals are incisive and just. He writes fiercely, burning. He emerges from the battlefields a—crusader for humanity and the new order. Politicians at this hour will do well to read this illuminating story of valour with a searching and anxious mind. It is *the* book of the war.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE. By GEORGE LANSBURY. The Swarthmore Press, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.

It is a remarkable thing that the sincerest sermon of our time should be written by a Socialist and editor, one of the leaders of militant Labour. In this appeal to love and brotherhood—it is nothing less—Lansbury appears as the true Christian, a pilgrim in the cause of humanity. His words seem almost out of place in this ridiculous world of materialism, and he, the revolutionary, a man that "young" Oxford tried to pelt, that capitalism points to as a danger. When a book like this appears from the pen of Labour, we need not ask whether Labour is fit to govern. The real question is: Can Labour be firm enough to govern in the existing conditions of commercial values? Let the Churches read this exhortation; it can but do them good.